

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1899

SEPTEMBER 26, 1908

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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY—Particulars of Interesting
Volumes Likely to be Published this Month.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH—A Classified Catalogue of the Note-
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Publishers: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Stationers' Hall Court,
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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

LIFE AND LETTERS

WE referred last week to the statement of a Socialist paper to the effect that THE ACADEMY had printed mock moral articles, written "merely to advertise the books they pretend to condemn." The journal in question was the *New Age*, which describes itself on its contents bills as "the best penny review in the world." In its current issue the *New Age* finds it necessary to apologise to us for having brought such an allegation against us. We are not astonished to discover that while the *New Age* made no difficulty in going the whole libellous hog in its foul paragraph, it has some qualms about expressing its regret in handsome or adequate terms. When people make vicious attacks without a show of evidence or justification for their slanders they might at least endeavour to be honest about their methods of expressing regret. The *New Age* has withdrawn what it said, and expressed sorrow for having said it. But it prefaces its withdrawal by phrases which are calculated to hoodwink its readers into supposing that it had some reason or justification for what it printed. In point of fact it had none, and our solicitors inform us that the *New Age* will print a further and clearer apology in its next issue.

We have no desire to be hard on a fallen enemy, and we do not wish to make a triumph out of the misfortunes of a contemporary. But we cannot conceive in what possible circumstances the editor of the *New Age* was induced to publish such a farrago of ill-bred abuse and downright flat libel as was contained in his original paragraph. The fact is that when certain people get angry they are quite incapable of discussion, and they fly to vulgar abuse and vituperation and place themselves in the most awkward positions. And, upon being instructed as to the error of their ways, they immediately set about the delightful business of saving their faces. It is clear that a journal which wishes to save its face and to maintain its integrity and reputation for fair dealing should think twice before it prints obvious and glaring libels. If you tell an editor in print that his paper offends in such-and-such directions, it is his business to swallow the reproof if such reproof is justified by the facts, or, failing that, to prove, if he thinks it worth while, that his reprovers are unjust and unreasonable. But when he retorts by flying into disgraceful accusations for which he has not a tittle of evidence, and for which he could not possibly have a tittle of evidence, he is dropping out of journalism into something much more serious. We trust that the Socialists, who are so quick to make savage aspersions against persons who do not happen to agree with them, will take to heart the

important lesson which the spectacle of the *New Age* on its knees affords them.

And while we are discussing this matter we may as well deal with another which is akin to it. From time to time THE ACADEMY has found it necessary to handle certain books and certain persons with some severity. There is a common notion abroad that people who give hard knocks should be prepared to take hard knocks in return. THE ACADEMY is quite prepared to receive its share of hard knocks. On the other hand, we have done our best to refrain from indulging in severe criticism without showing plain cause for our strictures. For example, if we say that Mr. So-and-So's book is a bad book, we give reasons and quote passages to show why Mr. So-and-So's book is a bad book. And these columns are always open to the defences of any author, publisher, or other person who considers that he has been unjustly or improperly treated. And if such author, publisher, or other person chooses in his defence of himself to put his finger on the faults of THE ACADEMY, which may be manifold, and to give us hard knocks in respect of those faults, we shall not complain, and not refuse him space, provided he will back up his remarks with some sort of justification. But our experience is that persons who for their sins have felt THE ACADEMY rod set up no defences. They prefer rather to procure abusive paragraphs about nothing in particular in other journals. And they prefer to make dark hints as to what they could do if they chose instead of doing or saying something that would pass muster for common sense among reasonable people.

As an instance of what we mean we may take some remarks which have lately appeared in an illustrated journal whose chief business appears to lie in the publication of winning pictures of ladies engaged in musical comedy. A publisher, of all persons in the world, has written to this paper to complain that THE ACADEMY will "not allow publishers the right to praise their own works." He is full of grief and sorrow about it, and he seems to imagine that it is most wicked of THE ACADEMY to prevent a tradesman from following his natural bent in the matter of puffs. We should have been glad to have printed the said publisher's complaint in our own columns, and, even though he has gone elsewhere and lifted up his voice in a journal which has not hurt him, we are not indisposed to reason with him. We were under the impression that it was an established tradition among publishers of standing to refrain from printing on the covers of their books, or elsewhere, critical praise about those books which has been written in their own offices, and does not proceed from the literary Press. We maintain that in nine cases out of ten the publisher who prints such unauthorised praise of his own wares overstates his case and claims excellence for work which is at the best only middling and is quite frequently bad. Such indiscriminate attempts to cry up indifferent books are not creditable to letters, and they are certainly not creditable to that section of the publishing trade which descends to them. A book that cannot be put before the public without being wrapped up in a sort of birthday robe of unblushing puffs is no book of worth. And to raise the reader's expectations to the pinnacle on your cover and drag him down to despair with the contents of your book is to do an ill service both to him and to your own *imprimatur*. The praising of books, like the blaming of books, is a business for the reviewers. If publishers believe it to be their business, they might surely display an occasional piece of discrimination. No publisher will deny that he sometimes produces a book which is "not so good as it might be." If he claims the right to blow trumpets when he has succeeded in getting hold of a fine book, he might surely be expected to announce, if it were only once in a lifetime, that he was about to publish a middling or mediocre book. But he has never been known to do this in the history of living man. All his geese are swans; all his beef is of the prime cut; all his authors are heavenly geniuses; all his criticism is

belaudment. Of course the spectacle of a publisher deprecating his own goods would be ludicrous. And in view of the nature of those goods, it is equally ludicrous that he should invariably call their name excellent.

We believe that the better class of publishing-house are wise in their adherence to the no-puff principle. They issue books without comments which are likely to influence either reader or reviewer, and by so doing they preserve their dignity and the respect due to their imprints. They recognise that the ultimate fate of a book lies with the public, and that attempts to cajole bookbuyers into the purchase of inferior works by means of highfalutin announcements are not only undignified, but exceedingly bad business. "Surely the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat" does not apply in matters of publishing. The only persons who should express publicly their opinion as to the quality of this or that book are the reviewers. And in cases where this rule is exceeded the praise should certainly not come from the book-producer.

Our bout with Mr. John Long in the matter of "The Yoke" is not concluded. The sale of that book goes merrily on, but we are informed that the authorities have the matter under their consideration, and we hope to be able to announce their decision in our next issue. Meanwhile we may mention that we have received a further letter from Mr. Hubert Wales, in which he discusses Schopenhauer, and invites us again to fall foul of that more or less excellent philosopher. It seems a pity that we should have once more to point out to Mr. Wales that his book has nothing to do with either Schopenhauer or Schopenhauer's theories. The issue is not, Was Schopenhauer right or wrong? but, Is Mr. Wales's book an indecent book? We say that it is an indecent book; and neither Mr. Long nor Mr. Wales has as yet dared to claim that it is decent. We have aspersed their honour and credit in the matter openly and flatly, and they have made no attempt to defend themselves. They cannot find a lawyer who will tell them that when we condemn "The Yoke" for an indecent work we are libelling them. Consequently "The Yoke" is an indecent work, and they are breaking the law of the country by exposing it for sale at the street-corners.

Our attention has been called to the fact that in the issue of THE ACADEMY for June 13th there appeared an advertisement of Mr. John Long's publications, including "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers" and "The Yoke," also "Keepers of the House," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. The correspondent who reminds us of this is a little sarcastic about it, and desires to know how we square the appearance of the advertisement in THE ACADEMY with our recent condemnation of "The Yoke" and our desire that the book should be withdrawn from circulation. If our correspondent takes the trouble to look into the matter he will find that our first article about "The Yoke" appeared in THE ACADEMY for September 5th. Had we known at the time Mr. Long's advertisement appeared what kind of a book "The Yoke" really is we should not have permitted its inclusion in the advertisement. With regard to "Mr. and Mrs. Villiers," it has never been reviewed or referred to in these columns, and while Mr. Wales was mentioned in an article which appeared prior to Mr. Long's advertisement as a writer with whose services Mr. Long might advantageously dispense, we had not up to that time examined any of Mr. Wales's books with the exception of "Cynthia in the Wilderness," which was not included in Mr. Long's advertisement. While as to "Keepers of the House," while we deplore the *motif* of the story, we have never said nor do we consider that it is an improper story. In any case, we regret extremely that we should ever have done anything which would tend to promote the sale of such a book as "The Yoke." On the general question, however, it is obvious that the editor of a paper cannot profess to read every book which the publishers advertise in his columns. And in no case can he fairly decline to advertise a book

which he has not read if it is being advertised—as "The Yoke" was undoubtedly advertised—by other journals of good standing.

There is great talk just now about the play called *Idols*, which is being presented by Miss Evelyn Millard at the Garrick Theatre every evening. We have seen the play, and we can only say of it that it is frank melodrama with, so to say, kid gloves on. Miss Millard is to be congratulated, however, both on her own excellent acting and that of the company which supports her. We have never seen more thorough or commendable work on the part of such a body of players. To our mind the defect of the piece is the trial scene. The emptying of the court, presumably for lunch, in the middle of the scene rather taxes the faith of the audience; for the Judge is allowed but two minutes to consume his traditional chop and pint of claret, and when he returns to the court you cannot help feeling that his meal must have been interrupted. We think the whole scene might be greatly strengthened.

Of course the great interest of *Idols* centres on what we suppose is intended for a "problem." One cannot pretend that such a problem might never be presented to a given set of persons in "real life." But the dilemma is one from which all women, at any rate, might very well pray to be delivered. We fail to see, however, that any good purpose can be effected by the discussion, even in a play, of problems of the nature of that unfolded in *Idols*. Happily, moneylenders are not murdered by their butlers every day in the week, and we have never discovered any disposition on the part of poets to rush into secret marriages with moneylenders' daughters. We note with due joy that the moneylender in *Idols* is a Jew, and that he got his wife from Smyrna. And we are equally glad to note that no attempt is made to invest the Jew family with the lisp or gesticulations which are commonly supposed to be necessary when the representation of Jews is toward. Mr. Horniman's Jews—or should we say Mr. Locke's?—are perfectly ordinary *bourgeois* people without even hooks to their noses.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has been having another Prize Novel Competition. And the prize appears to have been £200, or some such sum, and the "fortunate" winner is a Mr. Rupert Lorraine, of whom, of course, the world has hitherto heard nothing. We are interested in this Mr. Lorraine, not because he is the author of "The Great Prize Novel," but because Mr. Unwin has caused at least one beautiful thing to be said about him. We read in Mr. Unwin's free-and-easy paper *M. A. B.* the following words: "Rupert Lorraine's intellectual stature corresponds with that of the outer man. Standing six foot two in his boots in spite of his love of literature, he is very far from being a mere book-worm." The comma in these sentences is where we have placed it, and if it was not so placed intentionally by the editor of *M. A. B.*, it certainly ought to have been. That a man should stand six foot two in his boots in spite of his love of literature is a most gratifying circumstance. We congratulate Mr. Lorraine and Mr. Unwin. We shall hope to deal with the Great Prize Novel itself in a subsequent issue.

The "Special Correspondent" who represents the *Daily Telegraph* at various by-elections seems to have a faculty for indulging in amazement and admiration which almost equals the faculty for being amused for which the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus were celebrated. The objects of his wonder and admiration are the Suffragettes. Day by day we read of the "astonishing," the "amazing" feats of these ladies, and day by day does the *Daily Telegraph* "Special Correspondent" become more and more enthusiastic in his praises of these feats. The members of the Stock Exchange at Newcastle support the Suffragettes to a man, according to this gentleman. (We beg his pardon, we see that there were *three* dissentients!) The tramway

employés are united in their favour, according to the same veracious chronicler, and altogether we poor Anti-Woman Suffrage people are, it would seem, in a very poor way. It is rather consoling to read in other papers from their Special Correspondents that "nobody at Newcastle takes the Suffragette campaign seriously." We believe we are right in saying that the *Daily Telegraph*, so far from being committed to approval of the Woman's Suffrage movement, is strongly opposed to it. It is curious that in these circumstances it should allow its Special Correspondent to devote space day after day to booming it in this reckless fashion. The Suffragettes are the first to admit that if it were not for the notice given them by the daily papers their movement could not be kept alive. Why then do those papers which oppose them continually advertise their childish antics? On Thursday the *Daily Telegraph's* Special Correspondent informed us that they have got back to the old bell-ringing tactics which were so much admired at Dundee, and we leave that gentleman in a state of blissful and admiring wonder at the "energy," the "pluck," the "indomitable courage," etc. etc., of these charming young creatures. Perhaps the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* knows his own business best. On the other hand, perhaps he does not.

The originator of *Vanity Fair* is happily yet with us. We believe we are right in ascribing its inceptor to be Mr. Gibson Bowles. If Mr. Bowles were less fortunately situated, and were in a position (which heaven forbid) to turn in his grave, he would certainly not lose the unique opportunity of performing this feat. For *Vanity Fair*, under the lively editorship of Mr. Frank Harris, becomes week by week more "advanced and progressive" and Socialistic. In fact, it is nowadays frankly a Socialist paper, and when it manages to spare a little space from Socialism it generally fills it up with pure anarchy. It is also afflicted with Suffragitis in its most acute form, and what its old *clientèle* (which was almost exclusively composed of Tories and clubs and country houses) must think of it, if it continues to read it, which we rather doubt, one would be at a loss to say. Mr. Harris certainly deserves credit for courage if he supposes that he is going to convert Society to his peculiar views. This week, referring to the report which is current that *The Times* is shortly to be issued at a penny instead of threepence, we find in one of *Vanity Fair's* editorial notes the following words:

It [*The Times*] is written by third-rate men for people who do not think. Instead of getting the Shaws and the Wellses and other people of distinction on its staff, it has been content with painstaking mediocrities.

We hold no brief for the *Times*, and we deplore the fact that it has lately come under Harmsworth control; but really to do it justice we think it can still claim to number among its contributors many men who cannot with justice be described as third-rate men. The idea of a *Times* with leaders written by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells is surely something of a comic-opera idea. We can imagine the airy grace intermingled with the rhetorical emotionalism with which Mr. Shaw would deal with, say, a victory for the British Army. What denunciations of the ludicrous and stupid bravery of the victors, what pæans of praise for the subtle and intellectual and wholly admirable cowardice of those who ran away should we be treated to! Really Mr. Harris goes too fast. With every respect for the brilliant talents of Mr. Shaw, we venture to think that he has ample scope for his activities as it is, and that he and his admirers can afford to leave us the *Times*. But perhaps Mr. Harris is really thinking more of the other people of distinction who have not been invited to join the *Times* staff. He goes on to ask:

Who is there to prune away the dead branches and put manure round the roots, and give the old forest giant a new lease of life? No peddling or huckstering will do; nothing but brains.

Mr. Harris evidently has in his mind's eye someone who could supply both brains—and manure.

A BALLADE

Grey towers, and a grey-blue sky,
And loot of little leaves that go
Like ghosts of buried children by,
Upgathered where the breezes blow;
That pace the green mound to and fro
Till all their drifting petals rest,
Blurred heaps of red and white, below
His—"Dulce et decorum est—"

I wonder, was it sweet to die?
For just an English lad, you know,
Straight, sure of foot, and keen of eye—
Such stuff as country homesteads grow—
With somewhat of his childhood's glow
Half sobered by his manhood's zest—?
Ah, think! Against it all to throw
His—"Dulce et decorum est—!"

I wonder if the heart was high,
Exultant, when the life was low,
If all his thirsting agony
Dragged downwards into darkness so,
Or wailing, in some helpless woe,
Of orchards in his quiet west,
And women, who believed, we trow,
His—"Dulce et decorum est—"

ENVOI

Boy-brother, do the buds they strow,
Does all this ordered calm attest
A something? Then I think they show
This—"Dulce et decorum est—"

A.

REVIEWS

ROUSSEAU AND "CES DAMES"

Rousseau and the Women He Loved. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

GEORGE ELIOT is credited with the remark that it was worth learning French if only to read Rousseau's Confessions. Had she known that his confessions were far from truthful, she might well have added that it was not sufficient to learn French to understand Rousseau. Rousseau, in fact, has always been and, as far as one can judge, is likely to remain, one of the riddles of history. Mr. John Morley conspicuously failed to solve the conundrum, and though Mr. Francis Gribble has the advantage over Mr. John Morley of having been able to study much new biographical material and enlightening criticism on the subject which has been published during recent years, he is still far from achieving a wholly satisfactory result. Rousseau was, without any doubt, both a scoundrel and a lunatic. Whether most of his rascality was or was not due to his lunacy remains an open question. *In dementia veritas* is often true, and certainly the worst traits of Rousseau's character became more accentuated the madder he grew, but it is impossible to indicate the precise point at which his responsibility may be said to have begun, and it is equally difficult to sift out the really admirable in a life which was so largely made up of neurotic villainy and insane humbug. The epidemic of madness which affected the Revolution is traceable to him. While Voltaire stood for the humane common sense by which the Revolutionary movement was inspired at its inception, Beaumarchais for the humorous note of its social protest, Diderot and D'Alembert for its quasi-

scientific claims to inaugurate the Millennium, Rousseau was the initiator of those profoundly anarchical and essentially dishonest doctrines which were to characterise his last and most sanguinary phases, and to be the direct cause of its collapse. This is the rôle that Rousseau played in French history, and that his modern Liberal admirers of the John Morley type should have failed to recognise the fact is clearly attributable to their sense of historical criticism having been blinded by political partisanship. To justify some of their own follies it is necessary to make out that Rousseau was a hero, while in reality he was, so far as the science of life is concerned, both a rogue and a fool, who was to develop at last into a dangerous madman. It is only as an artist that Rousseau was at all excusable, and we are not far from thinking that as an artist he may have been wholly excusable. Those who look upon him and judge him as anything else must take the consequences which this attitude entails, consequences which are often disagreeable. Mr. John Morley, referring to one of the most outspoken passages in Rousseau's *Confessions*, wrote :

When the great art of life has been more systematically conceived in the long processes of time and endeavour, and when more bold and far-reaching advance has been made in defining those pathological manifestations which deserve to be seriously studied, as distinguished from those of a minor sort which are barely worth registering, then we shall know better how to speak, or how to be silent, in the present most unwelcome instance.

"This," says Mr. Gribble, "is admirable." And he adds :

A more normal training, again, might have taught him [Rousseau] that there is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak ; and we might consequently have been spared those breaches of good taste in his *Confessions* which have pained admirers and caused cynics to declare the one obvious criticism upon that work to be that no gentleman could possibly have written it.

One wonders what Mr. John Morley and Mr. Gribble can possibly have expected from the *Confessions* of such a man as Rousseau, supposing for one moment that they would be true. Apparently something in the nature of a column in "Who's Who." The sole value of Rousseau's *Confessions*, whether they be accurate or not in every particular—and the authorities, especially the more recent ones, whom Mr. Gribble has consulted, show that in many instances Rousseau's imagination was working or his memory was at fault, their value, and their almost unique value, lies in the fact that they are true to human nature. Rousseau's object in writing them, true or not, was to assert the right of the artist and the man of genius to share in all human weaknesses, to be a thief, liar, a perverse libertine, and to say so, if he chose, defiantly or self-reproachfully, according to his mood ; and no doubt his subsidiary aim was to deliberately insult the smug champions of virtue and optimistic believers in human perfectibility who were his contemporaries, and whose admiration was nauseous to him because, with his warped nature, he disbelieved in its sincerity. Rousseau was, above all, a misanthropist. It may be certain that when he frankly confessed himself to be vile he was convinced that other men were at least as bad, and in the majority of cases worse. Apparently Mr. John Morley and Mr. Gribble are grieved by the fact that Jean Jacques Rousseau was not a gentleman—not one of themselves. Certainly he never pretended to be a gentleman, and they may derive some consolation from the fact that men of genius rarely are. Turner was not a gentleman, neither was Beethoven nor Napoleon. If Rousseau did not, towards the close of his career, accept what would in those days have been an equivalent to a peerage as the crowning contradiction to everything that he had so far said or done, it was not because his potential as a political humbug was not high enough, but because he was an artist, and the true artist is always consistent with himself as an artist, whatever his conduct may be in other respects. In spite of all moral obliquities, Rousseau remained the perfectly sincere and unimpeachable artist to the end of the chapter. It is only as an artist that he has any interest ; it is only as an artist that it is worth while judging him. A magnificent artist—if merely considered as a writer—he

undoubtedly was. His style is of the finest quality. The debt which French literature owes to him is inestimable. He wrote the greatest style of any French writer of his time, and one of the greatest styles of all times. This artistic side of him, all-important and interesting as it is, Mr. Gribble, like his predecessor Mr. John Morley, has, we gather, neither the wish nor the competence to deal with satisfactorily. It deserves, however, full treatment in a work which, notwithstanding the limitations of its title, "*Rousseau and the Women He Loved*," is, as the author declares in his Preface, "a new Life of a philosopher whose personality is perennially interesting."

Mr. Gribble, however, is at his worst in dealing with the women that Rousseau loved, and at his best in analysing the social and political doctrines of Rousseau's novels and of "*Le Contrat Social*." The whole of chapter xxviii. in Mr. Gribble's *Life* is admirable : a keen, sensible, and convincing criticism of Rousseau's value as the propounder of a sentimental system by which the world was to be reformed.

"Man is born free, and is everywhere in chains." That (says Mr. Gribble) is the opening sentence of "*Le Contrat Social*." It is also the most famous sentence, and perhaps the sentence which made the fortune of the book. It consists, as we see, of two propositions ; no attempt is made to prove either of them, and both of them are demonstrably false. A poor beginning, one would say, to a controversial volume—an initial fallacy, not to be covered up by bombast, but sure to be found out. And of course, after a lapse of time, it was found out ; but the Revolution and the Terror had come first.

Mr. Gribble is also commendable when he lays stress upon Rousseau's persistent effort to look at the woman's life from the woman's point of view :

She was for him (he says) primarily an individual, and only secondarily an object of man's desires. He took not only her actions and her visible attributes, but also her psychology—even her morbid psychology—seriously, trying to write of her as she might have written of herself if only she had known how, but with a certain added deference and chivalry. The writers who do that are the writers whom women call "sympathetic." They are also the writers whom women like best and whom they most delight to imitate. And so it has been with Jean Jacques. He was worshipped by the women of his time, especially by the women who did not know him personally ; and in succeeding generations women, far more than men, have composed under his influence. All the writers of the Romantic Movement, of course, from Chateaubriand to Victor Hugo, are in a sense and to some extent his debtors ; but his daughter in the line of literary succession is Madame de Staël, and his granddaughter is George Sand.

This is perfectly true, and in writing thus Mr. Gribble comes nearer than perhaps he is aware to putting his finger on the mainspring of Rousseau's character. A thorough understanding of Rousseau's relations with women, including and above all Mademoiselle Goton, is necessary to complete the demonstration which this criticism partially contains. For this reason Mr. Gribble is illogical with himself when he applauds Mr. John Morley's suggestion that certain facts in Rousseau's early history should be passed over and forgotten, and that one should write and think of him as if they had never been brought to our knowledge. These facts are highly important, for Rousseau's peculiar surrender to woman was in the essence of his madness and at the bottom of his popularity.

We have said that Mr. Gribble is at his worst in dealing with the "women that Rousseau loved ;" he draws no satisfactory portrait of any of them, with the exception, perhaps, of Madame de Warens, whose personal story has recently been considerably elucidated by Swiss research. But of the Comtesse d'Heudetot, of Madame d'Epinau, and of the enigmatical Thérèse he shows us only the dry bones.

Many of Mr. Gribble's pages convey the disagreeable impression of having been "scamped." He writes of "a picturesque exaggeration." He says that Didier Rousseau was "a publican, in the sense of a farmer of the taxes." "Foster-nurse" is one of his expressions. "A narrative of facts twice embellished in the crucibles of two luxuriant imaginations." "She could depart spoiling the Egyptians

like the Israelites of old." "To dish her creditors." "A male writer not of the Catholic persuasion." "One may suspect that it was not really 'roses, roses all the way' along his path. Yet that may well be how the young boy freshly emancipated from the office saw himself." "Madame Lard was disposed to be exigent." "Madame de Warens was a grand lady compared with him." "Others, he argued, would have got her money from her if he did not." "To go and drink asses' milk." "Negligible nobody." "Concerning which it is unnecessary to particularise." "Matters reached their head." "Vituperative as fish-fags." "Tetchy." "He found the opportunity of realising himself." "Certainly they acted as if on that hypothesis." "Everything all passed off happily." "Madame de Warens, with various partners, became successively a soap-boiler, an iron-founder, and a coal-miner." "Your conduct fulfils for me the chapter." "Always comport yourself." "Whatever her faults, she had paid the price for them, and was to go on paying them until she died." "The noble hand which she watered with her tears." "Sentimentalising over his ingratitude." "Made his mistress his almoner." "The sloping hills of Vaud." "She could no longer afford herself this luxury of grief." "She succumbed with the sentiments of a brave woman." "That in 1762!" "He himself divides the responsibility between Voltaire, Madame d'Epainay, and the Mother Le Vasseur. The last-named lady . . ." "His own admissions are quite sufficiently discreditable." "Voltaire had sat in the pocket of Madame de Châtelet." "But when it came to a man's sitting in a great lady's pocket together with his concubine." "There are plenty of men, no doubt, who think things out in towns. . . . They are the strong men of abounding energy who do their thinking only with their brains." "Such a man was Diderot, to whom all life was a debating society." "Too uncertain in his temper to benefactors." "Her provision of lovers." "Impregnated with Bohemianism." "Pillared colonnade." "Problems which he had promised himself to resolve." "Helped him *se faire valoir*." "Wanted Jean-Jacques to go pamphleteering." "Jean-Jacques moved on." "The reason of which I am unwilling even to inquire." These are specimens of Mr. Gribble's style. When the net price of a book is 15s. the public surely has the right to expect better English than this. The author is primarily at fault; but where was the printer's reader?

NEW LIGHT ON THE TERROR

Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire (1793-1795). Par G. LENÔTRE.
(Paris: Perrin et Cie.)

M. GEORGES LENÔTRE, who is already well known to the English reading public for his interesting historic presentations of the more picturesque phases of the French Revolution, has surpassed himself in the present volume. Hitherto he has laid himself open to the reproach of accentuating the dramatic at the expense of the purely historical details of his studies. His tendency to be anecdotic is, after all, that of most of his contemporaries. People nowadays like to take their history gilded in one of M. Anatole France's ironical pills, or with a stage-setting such as that accomplished melodramatist M. Victorien Sardou supplies better than anybody else. This time M. Georges Lenôtre shows that he can manipulate historical documents with the ease of an accomplished expert. He has sought to reconstitute the aspect of judicial life in Paris during the worst days of the Revolution. Other historians have explained the causes, the conditions, and the outcome of the Terror. M. Lenôtre has made it his business to picture to us the Palais de Justice as it exactly appeared during that sensational period of its existence, and to draw the portraits of the weird beings who assumed the functions and exercised the authority of those Judges of the Criminal Assize, Appeal, and Cassation Courts who, previous to 1793, had been, for their personal uprightness and the dignity with which they invested their decisions, the envy of Europe. To achieve

this aim M. Lenôtre has ransacked the archives of the Palais de Justice. He has examined the architects' accounts, the contractors' estimates, the pay-rolls of the workmen, and the bills of the tradespeople, which indicate in detail all the material changes introduced into the Palais de Justice at that time, and he has also had at his disposition the private notes made by Liger de Verdigny, the courageous Judge who presided at the forty-five days' trial of Fouquier Tinville. The result of these industrious investigations cannot fail to interest all who have made a study—and their number is daily increasing—of the terrible and mysterious incidents of the Terror. Perhaps no passage in the history of the world is more misunderstood than that culminating period of the great Revolutionary outbreak in France. Its contrasts appear at first sight to be so many contradictions. The sanguinary cruelty which chiefly marks it can only excite horror in the modern mind, and yet the principles in the name of which all these atrocities were wreaked are still those of the Humanitarian and the Liberal. It would be just as true to say of the modern Revolutionists as was said of the Bourbons after the Restoration, that they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The present French Prime Minister, when he protested against the performance of Sardou's *Thermidor*, as picturing the Terror in too horrible a light, launched that famous word "*bloc*," which has since been adopted into the political vocabularies of all European countries. He declared in the French Chamber that the Revolution must be accepted "*en bloc*," that the whole was good, that there must be no picking and choosing, the bones must be taken with the meat, and that Republicans are logically "*solidaire*" with all the phases of that Revolution from which the present French Republic claims to have been developed. This of course was mere claptrap, but it defines in two words the mental attitude towards the awful ruffianism of the latter phases of the French Revolution which historians of the bubble-and-squeak order, like the late Mr. Carlyle, try to get their readers to approve of. On the other hand, there is the tender-hearted historian, whose sympathies are generally with the victims of the Revolution and the ancient institutions which it so ruthlessly destroyed, whose condemnation of all these abominations is absolute, who seeks and finds no other explanation than the natural ferocity of the demagogues and Judges who were responsible for them. Neither of these conclusions is satisfactory, for they are inconsistent with all that we know of human nature. There is no reason to believe that the Frenchman then, any more than now, was more naturally ferocious than other people. It is equally unjust to suppose that the French Revolution was animated by higher principles than has been, or will be, the case with any national upheaval that the world has ever known or is likely to know. There is nothing exceptionally sordid or exceptionally heroic in the French Revolution. But for human folly, it might easily have been avoided, and it is not too much to say that human evolution owes nothing to its excesses; that we should be driving about in automobiles to-day just as surely if Mirabeau (that arch-rogue) and Robespierre, Danton and Fouquier Tinville had never existed. It would not be difficult to show, in spite of the widely-accepted theory to the contrary, that modern progress and civilisation owe nothing to the Revolutionary antics of these men, and that the French Revolution itself never affected any national life except that of France otherwise than superficially. Quite recently, for instance, we were informed by one of the most authorised of the Young Turkey leaders that for years past the Young Turks have fed themselves upon Voltaire, yet it is not Voltaire who is inspiring the present Constitutional movement in Turkey. It is (though the Young Turks may not be aware of it) that irresistible evolution of the human race, which affects Turkey as it has every other country, and in the long run triumphs in spite of the most ingrained prejudices and the most forcibly organised opposition. This evolution is nothing more than the victory of good over evil, towards which the world has never ceased to

move. The French Revolution, apart from its sanguinary picturesqueness, was not a whit more interesting or more important than the Revolution which was at the same time quietly proceeding in England, where, the resistance being less, the explosion was less violent. French revolutionists no more discovered liberty, or revealed it to the world, than have the French artists discovered Impressionism. All these noble colours already existed on the English palette, whether of the philanthropist or the painter. If therefore we would understand why the French Revolutionists indulged in such atrocities as M. Lenôtre describes in his "Tribunal Révolutionnaire," it is necessary, we think, to call up as far as possible the conditions which must have inspired such an unparalleled state of exasperation. A clue is afforded in the first line of M. Lenôtre's first chapter. He relates that in an old comedy two citizens meet in the street, and one asks of the other, "Where is the Palace of Justice?" "Sir," replies the other, "Justice has no palace here; you mean the house of condemnation." It was this sentiment that no justice was provided by law in France for the ordinary individual, or could be obtained without official protection, which must have rankled in the minds of the common people of pre-revolutionary times to a degree which Englishmen who had not much to complain of on such a score must have great difficulty in understanding. It explains, without of course justifying, the cynical refusal of anything like a shadow of justice to the victims of the Revolutionary tribunal. Then there was the immeasurable burden of the privileges which weighed so heavily on the ordinary people until the latter years of Louis XVI.'s reign. It is simple enough to sit in an armchair and read about these things, which even had their picturesque side, but what must it have been for the people who had to endure them? Let us imagine, for instance, that the Jews, and particularly the German Jews, have become a privileged class in England (a point which they are not far from reaching as it is), that they can manipulate the decisions of law-courts as they please, impose humiliating *corvées* upon the Christian children of the soil, live in the best houses, and suck the country dry of all the best that it has to offer. Suppose that this state of things (thanks to a complacent political Administration and a docile police) has lasted for many years, even a century or two. It is not easy to conceive an ultimate uprising of all that is best mingled with all that is worst in a nation's composition for the purpose of shaking off this intolerable burden by the most effectual, which are the most radical, and therefore the most deadly methods. A general massacre of the Jews would be deplorable from a humanitarian point of view, but it would be perfectly explicable on such conditions as we have presupposed, and the M. Clemenceau of the future British State, from which such a poisonous element had been eliminated, might again with equal reason repeat his remark that all the actions, developments, and consequences of a revolution which, on the whole, has tended to improve the condition of a race, must be taken *en bloc* and approved of *en bloc*. M. Lenôtre's new book derives its great and enduring value from the fact that it supplies numerous documents for judging the *état d'âme* of the enigmatic personages who established the Terror. We sympathise with him in his tacit condemnation of their ferocious acts, but the new knowledge which we gain of them is of great help in reading the political barometer, in picturing the social and political conditions, which constitute the sole explanation of what they did. M. Lenôtre has almost solved one of the most mysterious psychological problems of modern times.

DISSENTERS' HISTORY

The Strife for Religious Liberty. By the REV. HENRY THOMAS POTTEN. (The Samurai Press, 1908.)

THIS is a highly controversial and one-sided book, quite unworthy to be called history. In reading it we are reminded once again of a great historian's view that Dissenters are incapable of writing a history of England.

The trend of this book may be inferred from the fine assurance of its opening words:

The history of Congregationalism is the history of the struggle for liberty—religious, political, and social—in Great Britain.

A writer who believes that the liberty of a great nation is entirely bound up with the struggles of one small sect is lost to a just sense of proportion. Therefore we are not surprised to read that

Notwithstanding the opposition Cromwell met with from hostile religionists, he showed toleration to all, and protected all religious parties in their just liberties . . . being the stern enemy of intolerance in every form.

These things being so, need we wonder that

The ages sigh for a return of such a man, and of such times when the religious opinions of men should be at least respected.

Controversial writers of history not only have short memories, but are gifted with a singular faculty for ignoring inconvenient facts.

Mr. Potten makes no reference to Cromwell's "Instrument of Government," by which liberty of religious worship was granted "provided that this liberty be not extended to Popery or Prelacy," nor to the consequent treatment of the Anglican Church, the ejection of seven thousand clergy from their livings, and the proscription of the use of the Book of Common Prayer even in private houses. Has he ever read Evelyn's description of a service on Christmas Day, 1657, in the presence of armed soldiers? Naturally he makes much of the Dissenters' Black Bartholomew's Day, but in all fairness he should tell of the Church's first Black Bartholomew in 1645. Nor does he allude to Cromwell's idea of representative government in the cause of liberty—the Assembly of Nominees, or Bare-bones Parliament—one hundred and thirty-nine persons, whom he selected from names submitted by Congregationalist ministers throughout the country.

According to Mr. Potten, Congregationalism is the only true form of Apostolic religion, for

It is a fact of history that before the Apostolic age had well passed away the early Churches began to depart from their ideal. Their subversion from Congregational simplicity was due to an unholy alliance with the world; and when, under Constantine the Great, Church and State were united, a check was put upon the cause of true religion, which, until the rise of Protestant Nonconformity, proved nearly fatal to it. For fifteen centuries the Word of God was bound. By reason of the *mésalliance* true religion was nearly lost to the world; etc. etc.

Here is another example of that determination of the Dissenters to see nothing good before the Reformation. Mr. Potten forgets that, *inter alia*, Dissenters owe the Word of God to the care of the Catholic Church during his fifteen black centuries.

It is amusing to find that he also has the hardihood to identify the early British Churches with Congregationalism:

It is certain that diocesan Episcopacy was unknown in Britain until its introduction in 596 by Augustine, the missionary monk of Pope Gregory. From that date, and by the dissemination of Romish doctrine, the primitive Churches in these islands were drawn away from their simplicity, and there was imposed upon them the great system of Episcopacy.

Has Mr. Potten never heard of the Council of Arles in the fourth century, at which British Bishops were present, certainly those of York and London? Nor of Augustine's conferences with British Bishops *circa* 603 A.D.?

The fourteenth century saw the revival of the (Congregationalist) principles of the exterminated British Churches in the teachings of John Wycliffe.

Those who know the life and real position of Wycliffe will be able to estimate this remarkable assertion.

What would Mr. Potten say of Wycliffe attending Mass in Lutterworth Church a few days before his death in 1384?

This writer's view of the further "Strife for Religious Liberty" may be gathered from the headings to his later chapters: "The Bane of the Restoration," "Revolution and the Taste of Religious Liberty," and, finally, "Progressive Congregationalism," in which is a eulogy of the

Liberation Society and Passive Resistance. Mr. Potten is as blind to the struggles of Catholics for religious liberty as he is to that inconsistency with the principles of true Liberalism shown in the cruel persecutions by Protestant Reformers.

We understand that a Congregational Historical Society was formed in 1902. We cannot but sympathise with this body in the arduous task before it, "the glorious struggle for truth" (to use Mr. Potten's words), a task more difficult even (where history is concerned) than the "Strife for Religious Liberty."

COLONIAL GEOGRAPHY

Historical Geography of British Colonies: Canada. Part II. Historical. By Professor H. E. EGERTON. (Clarendon Press, 4s. 6d.)

THIS is a terrible little book. It summarises most cleverly a century and a half of knotted, tangled, tiresome, difficult history, and just when the reader is beginning to faint beneath the algebraic complexity of the problems and to lose his temper at the sordid, ill-mannered bigotry and smallness of the actors the sun arises and these gaunt problems get them away to their dens, at least, for the present, and there is a space of gladness in the tale which quiets us again. On the whole, the British Governors, gallant and gouty, come out well, and it is a marvel they should and could do so, for they governed a jarring, unaccommodating, lawless set of cliques and tribes, languages and races, who were like fractious children, unable to rule, unwilling to obey, snatching at each others' toys, petulant, whipworthy, and everlastingly grasping at the lamp or the fire, crying for the moon, and fleshing their teeth in each others' collops. No wonder, considering how few, how noisy, and unruly they were, the Colonial Office told them to get out, to cut the painter, to go to Uncle Sam or Davy Jones, or anywhere else, and cease to worry old folk with their nasty humours. But they did not; and by a series of improbable happenings, they are fairly loyal to the Union Flag. They have got a population as large as London, not two to the square mile, and they rule one another with justice and enlightenment under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, their boundaries fixed, their rights delimited, and their worst political diseases relieved. They still hunger to supply us with preferred corn and potted fish, and when they do not want imperial defence coquette with separatists and Yankees. But they have settled many things before us—for instance, theological and bilingual teaching in State schools. If the united parents of ten country or twenty-five town scholars petition for religious instruction they get it; if twenty-five and forty petition they can get a Roman Catholic or a Baptist teacher on the staff; and if ten scholars talk maternal Chocktaw, the multiplication table is promptly imparted in that tongue. We do not learn from this book anything about John Chinaman, nor about the Militia service, to which in a Landsturm all men between sixteen and sixty are liable, nor is the Behring Award noticed; but we cannot have everything and the tale is artfully condensed for us. The maps are poor. Surely Dull Island should be discovered to us and Klondyke? A few effigies of the men, too, would help out the dry details and possibly correct them. Lord Dorchester, Riel, and Macdonald, for instance, would add a touch of flavour to a grimly useful and unvarnished tale. And should not something be added about the new Canadian spirit? For men say that even since 1905 all things have a different hue to them; some awakening, or dreaming is it, as there comes in a woman's eyes when she is grown up? Even great actresses have had squalid inceptions, and therein are like this Canadian tale, left half untold. The greater interest lies in what is now behind the curtain. Is it comedy or tragedy, or dullness and hisses? Professor Egerton wags his beard and thinks a little chastening is the best guarantee of greatness to come, and Clio concurs with this view; but has not Canada suffered her politicians gladly? Surely these were no light affliction?

"JANE WELSH CARLYLE"

IN view of the treatment meted out to certain worthy people by the biographer, it has become notorious that if one manages to achieve fame one should be always aware of this same biographer. We do not wish to suggest that biographers are in the main unkind. On the contrary, it seems more than probable that they are kindness and benevolence itself—at any rate, in certain particulars. For example, it would ill become the biographer to deprecate to any serious extent his author's work; for anything large that an author did badly is in a sense a reflection upon the person who writes his Life—purely out of kindness and benevolence—and if your author is a sorry fellow at his trade why publish biographical works about him? Consequently it happens that as a critic of a man's work the biographer has a tendency to overpraise. And it would appear to be only when he arrives at the man's character and (especially at the character of the man's wife) that your true biographer begins to be unkind either to the man or his wife. It is pathetic to consider that in quite a number of notable instances we have this man and wife business worked out with all sorts of ghastly details, with all sorts of pious comment, and with no sort of edification to the public. Of course the case of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway is classic, and it may be a mere tradition. One is taught to believe, principally by innuendo, that Shakespeare's married life was most unhappy and that Anne Hathaway must have treated the great poet in a hard and cruel fashion. As everybody treats great poets in hard and cruel fashion there is nothing supremely marvellous here. But in view of the trend of the modern biographical movement there is no reason why somebody should not write a book to prove that Anne Hathaway was an angel of light—which she probably was—and to prove that Shakespeare misunderstood her, which he probably did. Then it seems to us quite possible that it is the due of Shelley and of Byron, not to mention, say, Dickens and Ruskin, to have their relations with their wives (and female friends) properly set before the world by somebody whose sympathies lie in the distinguished male quarter. Fortunately for everybody, the whole of their domestic troubles, pecks of them though there may have been, are over and forgotten, and they are really of the smallest concern. But a recital of them might delight the gossips without doing Byron or Shelley, or Ruskin or Dickens any serious harm; nay, indeed, with results which would be excellent for their personal reputations and most improving to the wives of the contemporary great. Of course, everybody knows that the finest literary man-and-wife case of them all is the case of the Carlyles, the horror and tragedy of which is apparently perennial. For bringing to the light of day the dark facts about this brutal affair Froude will always be remembered gratefully in certain people's minds, and the memory of Carlyle will always have attached to it an unfortunate breath of suspicion; and so the world wags merrily along. We should hesitate to say that "The Making of Carlyle: an Experiment in Biographical Explication" (Nash), which has just been issued from the press—is intended for an essay towards clearing up and making plain the true relations which existed between Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle. All the same, we are afraid that the unperceiving general reader will be compelled to take the work in this sense, and that he will be forced to the conclusion that it ought not to have been called the Making of Carlyle, but the Unmaking of Jane Welsh. The author, Mr. R. S. Craig, pulls crows with Jane Welsh with great vigour. He is of opinion, and he goes to prove it, that the reports as to Carlyle's doubtful treatment of his wife were foolish and ill-founded reports; that Jane Welsh's own complaints to this and the other person were in the main without foundation, and the result of pure peevishness and an hysterical desire for unnecessary sympathy; that Jeffrey and Froude were impertinent meddlers; and that Froude at least encouraged Mrs. Carlyle in her whinings and whimperings, and built up around them a beautiful fabric of

womanly suffering and patience which, however, was absolutely baseless. Mr. Craig also makes it plain that he desires us to believe that Carlyle himself never got direct wind of his wife's woeful condition of discontent, rebellion, weeping martyrdom, and so forth, and that Carlyle's expressions of contrition and remorse after his wife's death were really the outcome of his profound natural sorrow at the loss of his wife, and had nothing to do with any serious ill-treatment or course of ill-treatment to which he had subjected her. For our own part, we should incline to the belief that Mr. Craig is pretty near the mark in his judgment. Our complaint against him would be that he scolds Jane Welsh far too pertinaciously, and out of a great deal too many corners. From the time that her name is first mentioned in this explication, right to the end of the book Mr. Craig seems to be for ever on the watch to get one in on poor Jeannie. And we believe he would agree with us when we say that, whether he is right or wrong in his contentions, and while his desire to clear the name of Carlyle is a sincere and righteous desire, his remarks on the subject would have driven the person most closely concerned—namely, Carlyle himself—to, let us say, crashes of fury. We have read Mr. Craig's book from cover to cover, and not without interest. We should not agree with him in his evident conviction that he has accomplished something novel or extraordinary in the matter of biographical writing. It is true that there is a certain amount of explication about the volume, but it is not at all extraordinary explication, and at times it betrays an almost childlike ignorance of the facts of the literary life, upon which Mr. Craig would appear to consider himself an expert. We think that the book might be best described as a careful biography of Carlyle, with a fairly just summary of his views and a description of his books, relieved by sharp sauce and reproof for Jane Baillie Welsh, and singular by reason of the circumstance that the author gives us no account of Carlyle's last days or of his death, and his *post mortem* fame. Mr. Craig's method of handling the unfortunate Jane Welsh may be gathered from the following typical passages wherein he deals with Miss Geraldine Jewsbury's Craigenputtock stories:

Carlyle points out that in these stories [Miss Jewsbury] has mixed up mistress and servant in cases where, for example, Mrs. Carlyle is alleged to have scrubbed floors, baked bread (from necessity, not choice), and milked cows! . . . Carlyle never lied. Miss Jewsbury's information is "mythical." Yet she alleges that Mrs. Carlyle told her the information as she has written it. One is disposed to believe Miss Jewsbury. She had no motive to exaggerate Mrs. Carlyle's woes; rather the reverse, because she admired Carlyle immensely. One sees at once Mrs. Carlyle herself is the true cause of the trouble, altogether unintentionally. Mrs. Carlyle undoubtedly preserved a "noble silence" to her husband's face, and the poor widower was infinitely grateful. But she wrote contemporary letters to intimate friends descriptive of the coarse and menial work her marriage to Carlyle had reduced a lady "born to great prospects!" She possessed male friends in after-years like Mazzini, of lofty and disinterested character. She discussed her husband and her husband's character with unpardonable freedom in her letters to them. She confessed in her misery that she had married "for ambition," she alleged that she was intolerably miserable. While all the time she would never have had such noble friends to write to had it not been for her ambitious marriage to Carlyle!

This last touch is characteristic of Mr. Craig. There is an accent as of bickering and trivial retort about it which we cannot expect anybody to like, and it seems regrettable that so old and unpleasant a subject should be raked up again for discussion in such a manner. It goes without saying that Mr. Craig does not paint Jane Welsh Carlyle with coats of black all over. Over and over again he assures us that she was a loving wife, that Carlyle was all in all to her, and so on and so forth; but it is difficult to reconcile Mr. Craig's belief in these assurances with his continual sneers and smacks and sharp cuts at the woman herself. We admit that the question as a whole is a most difficult one, but we do not think that it is a question with which modern criticism, or at any rate modern explication, should concern itself. Of course a man's wife must of necessity have some sort of an effect upon his career, and

there have been women in the world who gave a distinct bias to their husband's thoughts and writings. There is nothing about the writings of Thomas Carlyle which will allow one to consider for a moment that he ranked among that dubious order of writers who are supposed to owe all they are (or all they are not) to their wives or female relations. If Thomas Carlyle had married an angel out of heaven, on the one hand, or a feminine demon on the other hand, he would have still been Thomas Carlyle, and it seems more than probable that he would still have given to the world "Sartor Resartus" and "The French Revolution." To the world at large it is of little consequence whether he hit it off sweetly with Jane Baillie Welsh or whether he was a great source of anxiety, annoyance, and tears to her. There is a much over-worn verse of Longfellow, which runs:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

This is homely philosophy. But the stark falseness of portions of it can scarcely be doubted. For sooner or later the lives of great men which come the public way by favour of the biographers insist on proving to us that a great man's life is no less susceptible to insublimity than the lives of lesser men, and that this is particularly so whenever the married relation and the domesticities are concerned. On the other hand, nobody in his senses has ever doubted that it was so, and therefore when people write books to prove it, they are at the least wasting good ink and valuable time.

MATTHEW GREEN

It is always a moot point whether the minor poets of another age be worth reading by the ordinary man or whether the cold neglect of the ages that succeed them can be proved to be unreasonable. The minor poets of our own time are well worth time and attention. Their minority may represent thoughts which are apart from the main stream of thought. They may be, and often are, the prophets of small bodies of men, who will increase in power and numbers until they dominate the future; but the minor poet of two centuries ago is not of this breed. time has not vindicated his power, but decreased it. His prophecy is cast out and declared void. His appeal has been dismissed, and the verdict of his age not revoked. Yet sometimes one finds a gentle singer of chamber music whose melodies are, it is true, unlikely to delight large audiences in big halls at any time, but yet they will always find some responsive hearers who can appreciate rare, fine, and delicate work, even if it is done on no ambitious plan. Such a poet was Matthew Green, the Excise man. To know him is to laugh with him, and to laugh with him is to love him. To love him is to wish to share him, whether he be a poet at all, which Dr. Johnson doubted, or whether he only attained a kind of pass degree in that scholastic list which precise critics insist upon drawing up for the students of the muse. The odds were greatly against Matthew. He was born in an age of prose, when manner, and very circumscribed manner, was more regarded than matter. He came of Dissenting blood, and was a cockney. He never lived to get his Sabine farm and to enjoy a calm through life. Instead of slowly mellowing in age, he died at the Nag's Head when only forty-one years old. His titles are uninteresting. The "Spleen" seems to promise less than Cowper's horse-hair "Sofa." The "Grotto" smells of Pope in his most unreal mood, and a grotto was "a very pretty dwelling—for a toad." An epigram on Echard's and Burnet's histories is a shot at game which is now seldom put on the table. The "Seeker" and Barclay's "Apology for Quakers" suggest some dour and dusty theologic thought, and the "Sparrow and Diamond" song, which the curious will be certain to try first in the little poetic fardel, is the least successful piece Matthew ever compounded. The man who reads it will feel his curiosity

assuaged and return the book to its shelf. Yet he will miss a pleasant hour if he does so. An hour gives ample time to read these few polished, witty, and lucid poems. They are of a Horatian cheerfulness and even temper. The sly humour, the shrewd sanity, the well-bred polish of the conversation, for they are mere conversation, is sustainedly clever; but cleverness by itself is one of the most wearisome of intellectual gifts, unless it has ballast such as frankness and sincerity and some intensity of goodwill or benevolent endeavour, all of which are here abundantly present. There is also some subdued and smiling pathos in the author, subdued, because he will not trespass upon your sympathy, smiling because he has a gallant distrust of exaggerating the powers of sorrow. Even poetry had no delusions for him. He is as awake as he is modest:

Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain.

He knew his age was not a growing time for poetry, but rather a November than an April:

I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skilled to call them by their names,
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ;
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
And mere upholsterers in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tailoring artists for our lays
Invent cramp rules, and with strait stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

Every topic Green touches upon he handles memorably. His lash is never so full of weight and swiftness as when it falls upon his Separatist friends:

Who for the spirit hug the spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien;
Who their ill-tasted home-brewed prayer
To the State's mellow forms prefer,
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steeped in vinegar.

Single lines of Green have an originality and power which mark him as in the forefront of the epigrammatic writers. He describes cynics, for instance, as the mastiffs of the moral law, the pagan denizen of Valhalla as a lazy, lewd, immortal thing. The Quakers are said to frank the Gospel for our use. The jolly establishmentarian rested "while penal law dragons guard his gold fleece;" Burnet's "sharp and strong incision pen, historically cuts up men;" "Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep," or "a happy alchemy of mind," or "the sad fatigue of idleness," or (of coquettes) "gay fowlers at a flock of hearts," are all neat instances of his summary power. His epithets are as vigorous as they are appropriate. Could these lines be bettered?

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place,
Nor hired to praise with stallion pen
Serve the ear lechery of men.

One may not approve of the acrid criticism to which missionaries to the heathen are too often exposed, but it would be impossible, if they have any sense of humour at all, for the Presidents of the Church Missionary Society, of the S.P.G., and of the London Missionary Society not to laugh at Green's waggish roguery—no doubt then well-deserved—on the subject, any more than these gentlemen could refrain from enjoying Sidney Smith upon the same subject, unless, perchance, they are as grim as Polyphemus:

When Gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen send
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every Christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears
We find employed as engineers;
This view my forward zeal so shocks,

In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

On the whole, Green was born out of due time. Neither the religious nor the poetic mode nor the women of his day suited him. He looked wistfully at other centuries and saw:

The old inspired-times display
How wives could love and yet obey.

But the emancipation of mind and of woman, and the consequent iron contractions of taste and probity afflicted him. He raised no protests beyond a smile with a quiver of melancholy in it, and he died a slightly regretful bachelor in 1737.

SEVEN CENTURIES AGO

SEVEN centuries ago there lived a pleasant old pedagogue who has two claims to fame. He was foster-brother to Richard of the lion-heart and was the author of a fine sprawling work upon the inwardness of things, wherein he asked about eight centuries' worth of questions, and gave good advice enough to govern this planet and Mars from one office. Alexander Neckham was so well furnished with good literary education that even his scientific research is pleasant rather than offensive. He had that scientific exactness which we all know and admire (afar off) in his successors. The sun, he says, is one hundred and sixty-six and a fraction times the size of the earth. How convincing is that fraction! Indeed, he assures us our earth is only the seventh biggest thing in the world. Moon-spots are really valleys, shielded from the sun, and there is really no old man who stole faggots. There are really only seven notes in the celestial harmony; the full diapason will come with the age of blessedness. Sound is not air, but air is its vehicle. Chameleons, which feed wholly on air, can pretend to any colour except red and white. Ravens eat them and die immediately unless they can sauce them with laurel-leaf. Church-bells (he treats things *per saltum*), if they fall and kill anybody, have to be filled with thorns and silenced for seven years. If your hawks moult too much you must cook a serpent in their meal. The parrot is a wonderful bird; even the Pope admires him. He greatly affects Mount Gilboa, because David asked that there be no dew nor rain there. His beak is strong enough to shiver cages made of wood. He is marvellously crafty and excites to more merriment than Arthur Roberts or Chevalier (*præferendus histrionibus*). He makes love to his likeness in a glass, but he has a nature most prone to fraudulent imaginings, so that the little prattlings wherewith he informs us are to be held as falsified. A knight who tenderly loved a parrot in Great Britain was on pilgrimage in Gilboa when he espied a wild parrot, who reminded him of his pet. He said to it, "Our parrot shut up in a den, who is like you, salutes you." The wild bird immediately feigned to faint away at the news, and the simple knight was grieved, went home, and told his own bird what he had seen. Poll lent a diligent ear, pretended so much grief that she fell from her perch as one dead. The astonished family wailed at the misfortune, and the master ordered her to be brought out of doors and given air. Seizing the opportunity, the pernicious trickster flew away never to return, and the family, missing the manifold delights of parrot society, continuously cursed the fraud of the wild highlander. There is an Indian parrot, green and purple, which is taught by blows on the head with an iron key, and is a very apt scholar when young, but (like the rest of us) when older forgets and is obstinate. Pheasants are delicious food, and may be caught by painting a pheasant on a cloth, covering oneself with it, and then they will follow the fowler back to his net. O Alexander! Part-ridges are so ill-behaved that Nature in revenge arranges that only their breasts are good food. The poor

swan sings when death draws near, but "what a mistake if she thinks to charm the third of the Parcae, Atropos, by sweet melody away from her duty!" After many other delightful birds, with derivations to their names calculated to annoy Dr. Skeat, we come to the cock which crows in the morn and at stated intervals. Why? Because from great heat the humours of the cock get a boiling, from the boiling comes brackishness, hence itching, thereupon sneezing, and from that comes pleasure. Pleasure stirs to song, and hence the crow. The strong humours of a cock's brain ooze out also in a comb; but it is difficult, says our author, modestly to account for his wattles. The tides are thought by the common people to be effects of the moon, but superior persons think the arms of the sea clash, or deep caverns suck and belch. These are difficult matters. Like the great Alexander, his namesake is interested in fishes, the hippopotamus among them, and has remarks upon mullet, pike, perch, bream, grayling, chub, and trout, whose name comes from "thrusterig" (*a tridendo*). Under the title "Plaice" there is a long tale of how it was a great insult to an emperor's hospitality to turn the plaice dark side up. It rebuked the host for insufficiency, and so was punished with death, unless, like a certain wise scholar, you evaded the penalty. After touching lightly upon coal, lime, and metals, Neckham comes to vegetables. These are green, because green is a mediant between black and white. Cold and dry earth being the former, cold and wet water the latter, could anything be plainer? It is at least as easy to say this as to talk of chlorophyll and quite as convincing. He has a study garden of heliotrope mallow, radish, betony, Sicilian buttercup, wormwood, houndstongue, basilisk, rose lily, tares, myrtle, bay, box, balsam, cinnamon palm, apple, pear—a dry and dyspeptic pear—fig, nut, and juniper and ivy, which last keep one sober at wine-parties. Then he sweetly discourses upon jewels, serpents, foxes and badgers, and comes at last to the ape, in which he takes great pride. You catch apes by shaving yourself, washing, and then putting sticky stuff in the basin. Imitation blinds them. They are merry in the new moon, moody in the wane, and apt to be very vindictive. Two once burnt a bear alive after great provocation. The mediæval people, being children, were, like children, much more in touch with animals. There are some dog stories in Neckham—e.g., of a greyhound which killed two rival pups and ran wild, seized its master's son as a hostage, and was had back on the old terms, the pact being made by the seneschal. Under the title "Horse," there is a lovely tale of Ogerus Dacus, which is Lockhart's ballad of Guarinos, except that the prison is a monastery and the hero comes back to the active life, with all the prowess of an earlier age, a giant among dwarfs, and smites the Saracens with his old steed's help, and wins the battle in the true style of Charlemagne. Passing over many good things, we come to a chapter on chess, which was Ulysses' game, dice being merely Trojan. Neckham thinks that the ancients played with pawns in the rear rank, but his generation played a modern game. The rook, a soldier of frontal attack, had two heads, and was called Janus once. O, what thousands of souls were sent to Orcus by that game, wherein Reginald Fitzeymund killed a gentleman with one of the pieces in Charlemagne's palace! The "bishop" was called "senex" in Neckham's game or vulgarly "Alfick." On the whole Neckham thinks his contemporaries to be sad scamps. He complains that they built superfluously high towers, wore furs, had menageries, horses with golden bells, and flowered tapestries. Women became mannish in garb and cut their hair, and men wore it long. They drank deep and got fevers; and cups of shell, of gold, and of glass were shockingly common. Even the medical men allowed a diet that was more puzzling than generous. Rich men loved to sniff the odour of roast duck as well as to eat the same. Neckham is, perhaps, to be taken a little less seriously and more humorously than the learned Wright took him half a century ago; but he is an author to delight in, because he enjoyed life and letters and communicates his gusto to his learned, leisurely, and astonishing book.

GREY MUSIC

THE little blue forget-me-nots in the long green box on my window-sill are slowly swaying at the touch of the wind. From the high level of my window the topmost branches of the trees in the big garden below make an immediate background for the forget-me-nots. The branches, too, are swaying with the same rhythmic, subdued, indeterminate motion.

The wind is coming from the East, but it does not come with the unpleasing characteristics we know so well. It is neither bitter nor searching. It is indeed quite cold, but gentle, almost persuasive in touch, and has the mood and complexion of sadness, as though it were mournful with the thought that it should come in such a guise now that the flowers are over the land, and the days are long.

From my position at the window I overlook the wide open spaces of the farther side of the garden. There the lilacs and laburnums are in bloom; but the golden tresses of the one, and the exquisite clusters of the other, here snow-white and there delicate purple, are subdued to the prevailing tone. From the broad beds below come upwards, as an unseen influence, the commingling scents of many sweet and beautiful flowers. They fill the atmosphere with tenderness, and in some subtle way become at once both the bearers of memories, and the awakeners of longings.

Beyond the garden is a street, quiet and undisturbed by traffic; through it people are walking, now singly, now in twos and threes. And beyond the street there are houses whose clustering red chimneys now appear faintly, and now half-disappear with the continual motion of the trees. The trees are in the exquisite note of their first green. The delicate outer branches of the elms and the slender upper lines of the poplars are veiled, not yet hidden, by their myriad unfolding leaves. Everywhere there is still slenderness and the sense of promise. Above, again, are the soft masses of the slowly shifting and changing clouds. All the sky is in monotone, but marked by the most exquisite shadings:

One common greyness silvers all!

There is the key to the mood. Everything to-night is grey, but of that tender and alluring note which in Nature in all the lands—Italy, Australia, Norway—is full of whisperings of the Unseen. Through it, as through the strings of an instrument, is borne to us the sentiment of spiritual things. It is an influence rather than an impulse. It does not dispose to action, to endeavour, but to the desire of communion with what it prefigures to the soul, and is, in this sense, the most mystical of colours. It seems to be full of the things we but faintly discern, but would fain understand. Everything is touched with its influence. The thrush, in this twilight, is not singing wildly for joy—he is whispering in undertones to his mate. All over the big garden are the soft warbling of birds hidden away amongst the leaves. The air is full of the music of the wind in the trees, but it is all in a minor key. It is as though the sighs and the longings of the human heart have been woven into its theme.

Are we really listening to the unburdenings of souls that have suffered and have overcome? And has the wind—that magical musician—caught them as they were uttered, and made of them such a nocturne as this—full of imagined harmonies? Now as the movement quickens—for the wind, as though seized by a sudden impulse, rushes through the leaves, just as the strings of the orchestra rush through a succession of notes, the emotion bearing them onwards and upwards—do we hear the imploring, appealing strain. Then comes the sudden silence as though peace had fallen on the suffering spirit. Again there is a wonderful scheme of sound as the wind sweeps onward through the topmost branches. This time it is uplifting, like a triumphant chant. Has the soul got through its conflict and found the haven of its desire? At this moment a wave of light seems to move through the sky, like a faint

illumination, and the evening star comes out and shines down in benediction, as though it heard the note of victory.

In this mystical mood of Nature there is both recalling and imagining. Other scenes in other gardens—in, it may be, other lands, under other skies—live again. But they bear no mark of time or circumstance; the material things with which they were connected have all faded. But the scents, the colours, the forms, the impressions, the keynote of earth and sky, remain because of their spiritual import. Those associated with us may have passed onwards. But to-night they are with us, because the influence of the moment makes an avenue for their return. Life is full of recapture. We see their faces, hear their voices, are conscious of the fluttering of their garments, laugh with them, and muse again, just as in the old way.

With the impression of their presence come wonderful, informing revelations. We see that nothing that made part of our minor life can be lost. The accidentals of time have been dropped, but the essentials, the realities, have been immortally preserved for us to resume again.

And now another note in the music of the night makes us think of the perfect scale. Lights are appearing in the windows of the houses in the street beyond the garden. We catch bright glimpses of them through the movement of the branches. Behind those pretty balconies and dainty curtains, child-life, like the bird-life in the garden, is sinking to slumber, going perhaps, guarded by the spirit of dreams, back for a brief season to that land of light and wonder from which it came. The breath of the little sleeping children may be ascending in roseate clouds for the eyes that can see, just as the scent of the flowers, although invisible, is diffusing itself upon the air. But all conjointly—the muffled voices in the street, even the barking of the dog, the sound of the feet of horses upon the hidden highroad, the slumbering children and the sleeping birds, the little white moths fluttering vaguely in the air, the leaves and the flowers unfolding through the dark, the drifting clouds and the shining star—expressions of the One life—seem to blend together as we get their influence through this exquisite playing of the wind, to make a part of that unceasing music that fills the universe.

HETERODOXY

WE should not consider it desirable to attempt to keep pace with the manifold publications of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Let his merits or demerits be what they may, he appears to have learnt the prodigious secret of the late Mr. Guy Boothby, who, we believe, was once commonly credited with the capacity for dictating (into phonographs) three brilliant works of fiction at one and the same time. Mr. Chesterton himself confesses that he is "only too ready to write books upon the feeblest provocation." He has been told this much by an occasional discerning reviewer, and we are glad to note that he accepts the soft impeachment. Out of the vast selection of brand-new works which Mr. Chesterton appears to have written upon the feeblest provocation we have taken up "Orthodoxy" (Lane) because of its title. Mr. Chesterton may be burdened with many important views on such an entertaining subject, but with those we are not gravely concerned. It is with the book as a sort of Chestertonian emanation that we are concerned. In other words, while we concede that Mr. Chesterton, like any other man, has a right to the possession of ideas about orthodoxy and a right to the expression of them, we do not consider that any public statement he may choose to make could have serious importance, or be worth discussion or serious consideration. Our interest in "Orthodoxy" is similar in kind to the interest that certain people display at the sight of performing dogs or clowns on stilts. Such persons are perfectly well aware that a dog who wears a frill and a soldier's cap and presents arms when a piece of sugar is placed upon his nose is of no con-

sequence either in his relation to military science or to the defence of his country. And so when we find Mr. Chesterton dealing with large matters we know at once that we have before us a sort of market-place entertainer who makes a great show of antic humour and hilarious profundity, but who has really nothing to say which will appeal to serious people. It is an ancient and tiresome adage which insists that the world invariably takes a man at his own valuation of himself. And in a measure, of course, this adage is as true as in a measure it is false. But it is particularly true in the matter of a man's attitude towards his own writing. If an author of serious intention persists in standing at the street-corners with his face blacked and addresses the crowd in the manner of the "stump-orator" who was wont to provide comic relief to the "dioramas" of the days of one's youth, that author must expect to be set down in the tablets of his audience for a comic, flippant, and buffoonish person. It has been the complaint of wags time out of mind that when they had compassed the high top-gallant of their fame they could not so much as say "Please, pass the salt" without setting the table in a roar. When the notorious witling rushes into a mixed company and cries "My wife is dead!" or "My mother has hanged herself!" the mixed company giggles and says "What an excellent fool it is." It will not occur to it to consider that there is just a chance that your witling's cry may be a tragic cry, and that his wife has really died, or that his mother has really hanged herself. And even when he explains that he is speaking the solemn truth he must be most careful in his explanations, and most assiduous to drop the smallest suggestion of his usual and accepted waggishness, or he will not be believed. It seems to us possible that Mr. Chesterton may believe that he has something serious to contribute to the thought of, say, Fleet Street and Bayswater. When he gets defending himself—and he has lately begun to defend himself with great gusto—he is anxious always that he should be relieved of the suspicions of flippancy, over-easiness, funniness, and mere paradox. In the present volume he is at pains to set up an almost lachrymose protest against what he calls an "intolerable bondage." "I never in my life," he asseverates, "said anything merely because I thought it funny," which is a noble boast, marred, however, by the immediate Bayswater cheap giggle—"though, of course, I have had ordinary human vainglory, and may have thought it funny because I said it." Yet, in spite of his righteous rage at being taken for a clown, Mr. Chesterton will keep on with his clowning. And it is perfectly natural that he should. It is to clowning that he owes himself; it is to the cap and bells that he must look if he would be clothed at all, and it is to the hee-haw that he must look if he is to have any sort of applause. This is unfortunate for him, provided, of course, that in his heart of hearts he carries, as he may well carry, some soul of goodness. It is the custom to scoff at garbs, but somehow they are essential. Your curate must wear the habiliments of his curacy week in and week out and even on holidays. Otherwise his spiritual authority will fall under suspicion, sooner or later. Bishops have been sneered at for wearing aprons and gaiters, but, to take a hint from Mrs. Benjamin Disraeli, what could one expect a curate to think of a Bishop in his bath. And if, to go a step further, the lady bountiful of a parish discovered the curate in the act and process of playing marbles with little boys for a stake of illuminated Scripture texts she would be shocked and upset, just as the curate would be shocked and upset if he discovered that his Bishop's favourite recreation lay in the making of buffoonish grimaces at his window with a view to quickening the sense of humour of passing butchers' boys. It is as a marble-playing curate and a grimacing, boisterous Bishop that Mr. Chesterton is most fond of taking the eye. And the terrible part of it, and the part of it with which we are most seriously concerned, is that because of Mr. Chesterton's presumed financial success and obvious paragrahical success the younger brethren are beginning to ape him. The Chesterton tricks are the easiest in the world. He can bring guineapigs out of old hats and collect pennies from the illimitable void with any street conjurer

of them all. And you can be taught how to do these things out of a penny book. So that the tendency of unthinking youth is to be in a hurry to do likewise, with the result that editors' waste-paper baskets are nowadays troubled with essays wherein the Deity is described profoundly as "an eternal schoolboy letting off eternal crackers" and life as an eternal merry-go-round. Nothing exists for the Chestertonians which is not to be reduced to terms of familiarity and "fun." And nothing is so sacred that it cannot be associated with stupid and offensive tropes. To come to the real essence of Mr. Chesterton, it is plain that his "view" of the cosmos and of the whole Divine order of things is that it was specially created for the purpose of providing excruciating jokes for the cheaper comic papers, and that all persons who see in it a grave, far-off Divine purpose are either prigs or dullards, and not worthy of the name of man. On the very last page of Mr. Chesterton's book we find the following scandalous passage:

I say it with reverence; there was in that shattering Personality a thread that must be called shyness. There was something that He hid from all men when He went up a mountain to pray. There was something that He covered constantly by abrupt silence or impetuous isolation. There was some one thing that was too great for God to show us when He walked upon our earth; and I have sometimes fancied that it was His mirth.

Now here, couched in the most delusive and deceptive language, we have the idiotic and wicked content of Mr. Chesterton's mind. Life to this profound theologian, observer, and philosopher, who has written a whole book called "Orthodoxy" on the strength of a casual remark of another profound theologian, observer, and philosopher in the person, not this time of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, but of Mr. G. S. Street, is to be a mere thing of the Fleet Street and Bayswater "sense of humour," and Mr. Chesterton, good, pious, orthodox, canting soul that he is, believes that "He" must have possessed the humour of Shaw and Chesterton, but that "He" was at pains to conceal it. Such blasphemies, however reverently said, are blasphemies, and it is not meet that any person who can read should have to do with the catchpenny, pirouetting, giggling, retailers of clap-trap who commit them. Mirth indeed! Mr. Chesterton and his greasy following of sprawlers and imitators look for mirth! They are perfectly welcome to all the mirth they can get out of their tuppence-a-lining, book-producing-on-the-feeblest-provocation, stupid, giggling, gew-gaw lives; but for heaven's sake let them refrain from setting up their stalls as theologians. "The Man of Sorrows and Acquainted with grief"—Mr. Chesterton and, we presume, Mr. ——— and Mr. ——— and Mr. ———, and the rest of them who have been crucified for righteousness' sake, "sometimes fancy" that there was one thing that was too great for God to show us when He walked upon our earth—namely, Mirth! We note that, with a great show of piety, Mr. Chesterton assures us that the late Mr. Oscar Wilde was wrong when he said that it was impossible to pay for a sunset. We are aware that this was not a particularly great or important saying, but Mr. Chesterton goes out of his way to refute it and to asseverate that the best way to pay for a sunset is "by not being Mr. Oscar Wilde." Mr. Wilde would have smiled a curved, archaic smile at the vagaries of Mr. Chesterton and his like. Because he had no mirth and never any reason for mirth, Mr. Wilde knew more about certain great matters than Mr. Chesterton and Dr. Nicoll, Mr. Belloc and the others are ever likely to know this side the grave. And although Mr. Wilde would have cared nothing at all for Mr. Chesterton's cheap and gratuitous gibe, we shall take it upon ourselves to remark that there is another way in which one may pay for a sunset—namely, by not being Mr. Chesterton. And the next best way to pay for a sunset is by refraining from the perusal of Mr. Chesterton's higgledy-piggledy, cut-and-come-again, let-us-all-be-as-funny-as-we-can essays in book production. A volume of Chesterton every week is calculated to put the average man into Hanwell.

SENTRY

THE only suggestion for *sentry* is Wedgwood's etymology from O.F. *senteret*, a little path. Even if *senteret* were ever used in the sense of a sentry's "beat," it could have no connection with *sentry*, of which the earlier forms are indifferently *centry*, *centrie*, *centery*, *sentry*, *sentrye*, *sentry*, etc., and the oldest meaning of which is abstract (watch, keeping) or collective (body of soldiers on guard). Attempts at explaining it have been usually based on the *s*-forms. Until the N.E.D. treats the word, it cannot be decided which is the older, but the *c*-forms are equally common, and will, I think, be found to be anterior, for the word is, I believe, a colloquial pronunciation of *century*, a band of a hundred footmen (Blount, 1664). A common corruption of *sanctuary* is *sentrye* (Nashe, 1590), *centry* (Phillips, Littleton), *centerie* (1600, N.E.D.), a less natural contraction than *centry* from *century*. It is possible that this word, in which the *s*-spelling naturally prevails, may have helped the triumph of the *s*-forms of *sentry**, for it has a certain connection of meaning with *sentry*, a guard-room, watch-tower, also watch, keeping, etc. (cf. F. *guérite*, from *guérir*, to protect, used both of a sentry-box and a refuge, v. Dict. Gén.). Cotgrave, at any rate, appears to have both words in his mind in the following entries:

Barbacane, . . . some hold it also to be, a *sentrye*, scout-house, or hole.

Garite, a place of refuge, and of safe retrayll in a rowt, disaster, or danger; the recourse of such as are discomfited; (hence), also, the dungeon of a fortress, whither the beleaguered soldiers make their last retire and flight; also, a by way or path that leads one aside, and out of the high way; also, a *sentrye*, or little lodge for a sentinell, built on high.

Guérite, as *garite*: or a place of retreat, or hiding hole (whereof divers were wont to be made) in thick rampiers, for the preservation of those that, in a surprize, had the lucke, or leisure, to get into them; also a *sentrye*, or watch-tower.

Eschauguelle, a *sentrye*, watch-tower, beacon.

He has also: *Sentinelle*, a sentinell, or *sentrye*; a common souldier appointed to stand, and watch in a certain place.

Sherwood gives *sentrye* or watch-tower, *guérite*.

The abstract sense of *sentry* is seen in "Thou, when nature cannot sleep, O'er my temples *sentry* keep" (Browne, 1642), and "Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother, sleep, Forms terrible to view, their *centry* keep" (Dryden). The use of *sentry* for a single soldier on guard is derived from this, so that the word really has five meanings—(1) body of soldiers† (century), (2) body of soldiers on guard, (3) act of guarding, (4) place where guard is kept, (5) soldier on guard. With this may be compared the parallel meanings of F. *garde*, E. *guard*, Ger. *Wache*. For a similar reduction of the collective and abstract to the individual cf. F. (un) *garde-française*, *ordonnance*, *vigie*, *vedelle*, *sentinelle*, etc. We still say "To stand sentry, keep sentry, etc."

E. *century*, body of soldiers, is generally used in speaking of Roman history, a connection which prevents the colloquial form from intruding. The three earliest examples in the N.E.D. are from Bellenden's *Livy* (1533), Holland's *Livy* (1600), *Coriolanus* (1607). For *Coriolanus* see below. *Centuria* was similarly used in Sp. and It. Oudin has "*centuria*, *centurie*, *centaine*, une bande, ou un nombre de cent." Castelli has "*centuria*, compagnie de cent hommes à pied, eine Compagnie oder Rotte von hundert Mann," etc. So also H. Junius (Nomenclator, 1611). Its identity with *sentry* is supported by passages from Shakespeare and Milton. The latter has:

What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict *senteries* and stations thick
Of angels watching round?

—*Par. Lost*, II. 412.

* This is usually ascribed to the influence of *sentinel*, but this also is just as commonly *centinel*, though eventually *s*-prevails, owing to the F. and It. forms. The *c*-forms of both words are still common in the eighteenth century.

† Etiam cum ad rem militarem pertinet (*centuria*), non praecise centum semper homines significat (Gesner). Ornare aliquem *centuriis*, Cic., to appoint unto him certain bandes of men, for the *gard* of his person (Cooper).

This is usually given by the dictionaries under *sentry*, but I submit that it may equally be put under *century*, almost the equivalent of *station** in this passage. In dealing with this passage, it must be remembered that there are three factors—viz., Milton dictating, the amanuensis, the printer. Thus the order may have been *centuries*, *centeries*, *senteries*. On the whole question of Milton's spelling, see Masson's *Milton*, Vol. III.

Shakespeare uses *century* twice only :

A *century* send forth ;
Search every acre in the high grown field,
And bring him to our eye.

—*Lear*, IV. iv.

Here *century* is used for a small detachment for special duty. The First Folio has *centery*.

So let the ports be guarded ; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
These *centuries* to our aid ; the rest will serve
For a short holding . . .

—*Cor.* I. vii.

Here the First Folio has *centuries*. But the line requires a dissyllable. Theobald reads *centeries*, and Johnson *senteries*. Finally, the form *century* is actually found for *sentry*—e.g. :

Walk to the Deansgate, and from thence to the other *centuries*,
using his best encouragement to prop up their hearts.—(1649,
N.E.D., s.v. *century*.)

With this cf. quotation from Milton, where *sentry* is used in exactly the same sense. *Century*, thus used, occurs as late as 1759 (N.E.D.).

Sentry does not seem to have acquired its modern meaning so quickly as *sentinel*, which is generally considered to be of different origin, though the two words are always put together in the older dictionaries. I think this is due to its form causing it to be felt longer as an abstract or collective, and also to its association with *sentry*, sanctuary (v.s.). Cotgrave uses *sentinel* much the more frequently. Holyoak and Gouldman both have *sentinel*, but not *sentry*. Littleton has *centry* or *sentinel*, excubitor ; *sentry*, excubiae primae, vigilum custodia, excubitor, vigil. He also has *vigiliae*, the watch, guard, or *sentry* ; and *centry* or sanctuary, sanctuarium. Skinner spells both words *centry*. Cooper does not appear to know either word.

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Thomas Doggett, Deceased: a Famous Comedian. By THEODORE ANDREA COOK and GUY NICKALLS. (Archibald Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is something strangely ironic in the career of Thomas Doggett, "endear'd to Whigs and watermen." A considerable figure in his day—the belauded of the town, joint proprietor with Wilkes and Cibber of London's leading playhouse, and himself, it would appear, an actor of no mean parts—he is chiefly of interest to the present generation as the donor of "Doggett's Coat and Badge." Under the terms of his will, six young watermen row, on August 1st of each year, from London Bridge to Chelsea for the possession of the much-coveted prize. But of Doggett himself practically nothing is known. "Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" Addison and Steele came, saw, laughed, and straightway forgot, and posterity cannot be concerned with such trifles.

Mr. Cook has delved among musty records and brought to light quite a considerable amount of information about the dead comedian ; but the reader is left with no very definite impression of his personality. An Irishman by birth, he came to London at an early age. He was, it would appear, of a somewhat pugnacious disposition, tenacious of his rights, and more than a little mean in

* *Statio militum*, a watch or ward in a camp or city in time of war, a corps de guard (Gouldman), to which Littleton adds "a *centry*."

money matters. After making a moderate fortune on the stage he retired to Eltham, in Kent, where he died in 1721.

To the majority of readers the second part of this volume—which has been intrusted to Mr. Guy Nickalls—will prove the more interesting. Mr. Nickalls has prepared a complete history of the famous race, from its inception in 1715 till the present time. Doggett himself witnessed the race on one occasion at least, and has left us a characteristic description of what happened :

As I was making my way through the 'Friars intending to take water at Temple Stairs, in order that I might witness the race for my Coat and Badge, one of those rake helly fellows that so beset the town, stopped me, and cocking his hat with arms akimbo cried "Whig or Tory?" He did not care a Queen Anne's farthing for my politics, but made it the pretext for a quarrel. I whipped out my hanger in a trice, set my back to the wall and cried, "Hurrah for King George and long life to him," and yet I had liked to have fared scurvily, had I not bethought me that my own name for the nonce would serve me in even better stead than the King's. So when being surrounded by a host of tatterdemalions and pronounced a rat that must bleed, I said be it so my masters and though you fail in the recognition, know that I am Dogget, whereat the varlits laughed ; true, I escaped with a whole skin, but at the expense of a guinea, this is the gist on't,—so now to dinner and afterwards to the White Swan there to drink a cool tankard and shake hands with the winner.

The race has always held an honoured position in the sporting life of London, and it is on record that in 1848 the Speaker of the Commons left the Chair and the members flocked to the Terrace to watch the six young watermen pass by. "I hardly think," adds Mr. Nickalls, with admirable sagacity, "that the present House of Commons would follow this precedent."

The book contains a detailed account of the most important races from 1721 to 1907. It is illustrated with a unique collection of old prints—including one of Doggett dancing the Cheshire Round—and there are some useful Appendices.

The Four Gospels in the Earliest Church History. By THOMAS NICOL, D.D. (Edinburgh and London : Blackwood and Sons, 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS book (the Baird Lecture for 1907) can hardly be said to cover any new ground, but in its examination of the Higher Criticism in reference to the Gospels it may be regarded as a very useful companion to Mr. J. R. Coahu's work on the Old Testament noticed last month. Dr. Nicol reviews the external evidence for the genuineness of the Four Gospels as actual contemporary records :

The contention of the present course of lectures is that the Four Gospels are authentic and trustworthy productions of the Apostolic Age—that they have come down to us practically unchanged from the hands of their Apostolic authors. . . .

Starting from an investigation of the evidence in early Christian literature at the end of the second century, Dr. Nicol works backwards through the testimony of Origen, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and Irenæus to Justin Martyr and the Shepherd of Hermas, showing that "from an early period in the century the Four Gospels were regarded as a unity." In the first century there is the evidence from the Epistle of Barnabas (A.D. 70, according to Lightfoot) and from the Didache (probably A.D. 80 to 90). Dr. Nicol follows the view of Professor Harnack that "the hypotheses of the Tübingen school have proved themselves everywhere inadequate—nay, erroneous—and are to-day held by very few scholars."

In a short chapter on recent criticism Dr. Nicol challenges the position of critics like Pfleiderer, Kalthoff and Schmiedel. Professor Schmiedel accepts only nine passages in the Gospels as absolutely credible, while Pastor Kalthoff denied altogether the historical Jesus. Dr. Nicol's main object is to establish, from the testimony of Christian writers and from the witness of heretics who used the Gospels, the Marcionites and Valentian gnostics, an early as compared with the very late date of authorship, which these critics are compelled to adopt in order to support their extravagant theories. Each Gospel is further considered separately, and in addition to external testimony

some internal evidence is reviewed; but we do not think that Dr. Nicol's judgment as to the authorship of the First Gospel altogether sound, seeing that the original Gospel of Matthew was lost. Students in theology and others will find in these lectures a good critical introduction to a study of the Gospels.

The Government of the United Kingdom. By A. E. HOGAN. (University Tutorial Press, n.p.)

THIS is primarily a cram-book for teachers aiming fiercely at a parchment; but it has wider uses. It gives a short statement of the humorous way in which England is ruled by the persevering Scots, Irish, and others who attend to the matter. The information is almost too wide to be useful, unless one desires to dazzle examiners into granting a certificate. The statement, for instance, about the Unemployed Act of 1905, now extended for a year, simply says that the Local Government Board "has control over the grant to relieve unemployment." That is misleading. Large borough towns can form Distress Committees off-hand, raise a halfpenny rate, and invite subscriptions. Small ones certainly come more *in manum*, and must petition to use the Act. Can parish meetings "levy a 6d. rate"? They had better not, if they wish to sleep in peace. The Crown, too. Why has Mr. Hogan not summarised its powers? His name suggests some latent Fenianism, especially as he is much interested in defining treason; but he is content to say that the King is not "a mere ornamental head of the State," and is a "hard-working director," which is true, but vague. On the other hand, he is good about Trinity House or the District Council, and superfluously good on the conduct of an action and one or two other legal matters. As he has only 200 pages to fill, it is astonishing that he can compress so much examination-matter into this small space. The ignorance of middle-aged gentlemen might be a little alleviated by this book, if the print were bigger; but candidates have sharper, if less critical, eyes than their seniors.

Richard Strauss. By ERNEST NEWMAN. "Living Masters of Music" Series. (John Lane.)

THE "Living Masters of Music" Series, published by Mr. John Lane, is rapidly acquiring a first-rate reputation. The volumes published so far, comprising, among others, Elgar, Puccini, and Debussy, have been marked by an admirable critical power on the part of the various writers combined with much useful information. To Mr. Ernest Newman has fallen the task of writing the booklet on Richard Strauss. Mr. Newman is frankly a partisan of the so-called school of "poetic" or programme music, and as Strauss is the latest and most powerful exponent of it, Mr. Newman is, naturally, a friendly critic. Having given us the useful but not exceedingly interesting chapter on the life of Strauss, which seems to have been oddly even and uneventful for so terrible a fellow, he sets forth to analyse and to defend his artistic principles. He sees in Strauss the composer who, following such failures as Berlioz and Liszt, has come nearer than any other to solving the difficulty of "making his poetic and his musical development run on the same lines." For, as he has before told us, there are two kinds of musical idea, the one self-existent and self-sufficient, referring to nothing external to itself; the other prompted by some previous literary or pictorial concept. Strauss is acclaimed as a composer who "chooses to make his forms to suit his own ideas, instead of, like Brahms, making his ideas to fit some one else's form."

So far as Strauss needs defence on the ground of his artistic theories Mr. Newman is fairly satisfying. One is not, however, disposed to agree that the classical form is by any means exhausted or obsolete, or is in the least "tiresome." That the "music of the future" demands some programme may be admissible; and therefore, so far as his theories are concerned, Richard Strauss is on strong enough ground. But an artist needs to be strong in something else than his theories. Every progressive composer

of the past—Gluck, Handel, Beethoven, Wagner, all in varying degrees violators of "form" and outlawed by the pedants of their day—caused a cackle in the hen-roost. But each has endured, not by appeal to the brain, but downright to the ears of posterity. Wagner outraged the scholastics, but who denies to-day the melodic quality and beauty of much of his work? The question with regard to Strauss is: Has he the power to charm the ears of any generation?

Mr. Newman's enthusiasm for his subject does not invoke him to make any such prophecy. On the contrary, the sum of his criticism of Strauss's actual scores, after a careful review of them, from *Aus Italien* even unto *Salome* is that:

Strauss is incapable now of making a large picture, sane and harmonious throughout. Somewhere or other he must spoil it by extravagance and perversity and foolishness. He can do every clever and astounding thing that a musician could do; what he apparently cannot or will not do now is to write twenty continuous pages that shall be wholly beautiful and unmarred by bravado or by folly.

In face of so damning a summing-up by so staunch a partisan what is to be said by the enemy?

The Church of England. By R. ELLIS ROBERTS. (Francis Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net.)

ALTHOUGH this little book is not without shrewd observations on men and things and the course of events, its main purport is not very clear. The writer indeed tells us that it is intended to be provocative of further study. This is true enough of most works on history. But in these fugitive papers we find little more than notebook jottings on many well-worn themes, with opinions not very original and sometimes rather crude. There are some curious statements. In the first chapter we are told that "we owe the success of our revolt against Rome to our insular position," that "Augustine never, properly speaking, landed in England, but in the kingdom of Kent," that the Dutch have failed as a colonising people, that "the tribute paid to the See of Rome was largely sentimental," and that "the Pope regarded England as a Continent."

There is a good deal of very slipshod English and some rather undignified writing. When Lanfranc became Archbishop "all the cry was for new brooms, and the new brooms swept clean what was exceedingly dirty before." Hugh of Hornsea fleeing from the murdered Becket's body is thus apostrophised: "Hugh, did you guess what would rise over that dead body and that splashed blood?" The Franciscan revival is called "the 'Back to Jesus' movement." "The names of Lightfoot, Hort, Westcott, Driver are hard to beat." The Christian Social Union will no doubt be glad to hear that, in Mr. Roberts's opinion, "the Church is losing—in London has already lost—its damnable social superiority."

Mr. Roberts's book is one of a series entitled "The Library of First Principles," but we should hardly commend it to a beginner in the study of history, who would find himself bewildered by criticisms somewhat unintelligible without wider previous knowledge.

FICTION

Diana Mallory. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

IT is not often that one can say of a political novel that it is both good politics and a good novel. "Diana Mallory," Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, is of this kind. Its politics will be given serious attention by the serious-minded, and yet will not irritate those who read for the romance alone. The story itself is of such simplicity that one marvels at its power to fill so many pages. The heroine, Diana, we meet just arrived in England from a life abroad with her father, who has died and left her a considerable fortune. She has taken an old house in a sweet home county, and a companion. The county approves and receives. She is an intellectually-inclined

girl, and the local society, being political, is congenial. In course of time, after sundry social experiences of considerable monotony, she becomes engaged to the Liberal M.P. for the division, Oliver Marsham, and again the county approves. All this, to be candid, makes prodigiously dull reading. One likes Diana herself, but feels her friends to be prigs and prudes. Still, that is all true enough to life. Entirely unexpected and quite striking is the crisis which, midway through, explodes the story and drives its leading characters helter-skelter. It is the sudden revelation to Diana of the identity of her dead mother—a mother of which she has been in entire ignorance. It comes to her from the jealous lips of a cousin from Barbados, who is Diana's guest.

"Goodness," remarks this minx one day, "you are like Aunt Sparling!"

And after that the revelation. Juliet's mother was a convicted murderess. Directly she innocently mentions her real name of Sparling to her *fiancé* that individual divines the truth. As a result, he is placed in this predicament by his mother, Lady Lucy Marsham: if he marries the daughter of Juliet Sparling, murderess, he forfeits his inheritance and, consequently, his political prospects. At first the man is inclined to be heroic—to marry the woman he loves and face the whole world, etc.; but subsequently the ambition in him rebels. Without breaking it off himself—he is a politician, and therefore acute—he allows circumstances so to comport themselves that Diana herself is made to do so. On receipt of her letter to this effect he "bows to the inevitable." He proceeds with his politics, with disastrous results. There is an intrigue in the party against the leader, John Ferrier, whom certain "forwards" would relegate to the Lords. A letter in a newspaper making this suggestion, read by Ferrier while away in Italy, causes shock and sudden death. Marsham, suspected of authorship of the letter, is, while fighting an election on his appointment to a Junior Whipship, struck by a stone, and suffers grave physical injury as well as political shipwreck through losing the seat—misfortune which, happily, brings about reunion with the heroine. The book has many pleasing, as well as unpleasing characters. But, respect as one must its outstanding qualities, it is not a little tedious. One is too long reaching the climax—the discovery of Diana's maternal stigma and the consequent breach with Marsham—and too long leaving it. The action hangs before and after, and were it not for Mrs. Ward's admirable insight into the political mysteries, one might have had to confess to some disappointment with this new work.

Duchinka. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (John Long, 6s.)

THIS novel receives an additional interest from the fact that within a few days of its publication its gifted and versatile author had passed away. Lucas Cleeve was one of the most prolific authors of her day, and for the last few years at least she has enjoyed a considerable measure of popularity. It may well be doubted, however, whether her name will be so much as heard of a dozen years hence. Her work did not contain the qualities that make for permanence. An excellent craftsman, she was well versed in the technicalities of her trade. She could tell an exciting story with a certain gusto, and she displayed an admirable adaptability in the manipulation of difficult plots. But she never seemed to get at close quarters with life. Her stories are invariably interesting, but they are always machine-made.

"*Duchinka*" is a typical instance of this defect. The scene is laid in Russia, though for what reason we cannot conceive, since the characters are no more Russian than they are American, Hindoo, or Eskimo. They are, in fact, the familiar *dramatis personæ* of the conventional melodrama. Of Russian social life, with its strangely anarchic conditions, we are afforded no glimpse. We hear in the dim distance the mutterings of the serf, but it is impossible to resist the conclusion that Lucas Cleeve was writing from hearsay rather than from first-hand evidence. The interest of the story centres round a girl whose hand has been won

at a gambling-table. Her affianced husband stakes her against a possible suitor and loses the toss. It would occur to the average reader that a man capable of acting in such a manner would richly deserve his fate. Lucas Cleeve, however, devotes over three hundred pages to the elaboration of this theme. In the meantime we get very tired of *Duchinka*, whose absurd vacillations and half-hearted dalliances divest her of any attraction she might otherwise have possessed. It is unnecessary to say that all ends happily, and the reader is regaled in the last chapter but one with an account of a personal interview with the Czar of Russia.

Rogues Fall Out. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Ward, Lock, and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

AN advertisement in the paper for a young, energetic, and athletic secretary brings Jack Hale to Dunton Thorpe, there to engage in the service of Sir Digby Cheynell, a miserly baronet. The other occupants of the house are an Early Victorian maiden aunt and a pretty niece of about seventeen. It needs no alarming amount of perspicacity to foresee that Jack Hale will fall in love with the pretty niece, and you may confidently reckon upon a mystery of the most thrilling description, for is not Miss Florence Warden the purveyor of the entertainment? If books of this kind are necessary at all (which seems doubtful) "*Rogues Fall Out*" is certainly one of the best of them. The interest is well sustained, and we defy the most experienced reader to unravel the mystery of the lonely turret. There are two incredible villains, both of whom are sent about their business before the story closes to the faint and far-away chiming of wedding-bells. It is refreshing to discover that Miss Warden's pen has lost none of its power, and the reader, so he be not too critical, may take up this novel with the sure and certain hope of an afternoon's pleasant entertainment.

The Mystery of a Moonlight Tryst. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY. (Digby, Long and Co., 6s.)

THE mystery is a very simple one. It could have been easily explained in ten pages. Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, however, prefers to devote three hundred to it, and contrives to be tolerably dull in the process. A languid and intermittent interest is the warmest feeling which this novel is likely to evoke in the reader. As a sensation novel it fails, for there is really very little sensation in it. As a study of real life it is palpably grotesque. It is not badly written, neither is it well written. It is just commonplace, unexciting, and ridiculously dear for six shillings.

The Quicksands of Life. By J. H. EDGE, K.C. (John Milne, 6s.)

THE scene is laid in London in the 'sixties, and the hero wears a fine pair of mutton-chop whiskers. These two facts alone may account for a want of buoyancy, a certain stickiness, which does not help the reader on his way through the mild adventures of Bernard Leslie and Muriel King. In spite of this, the story is by no means a poor one. The Mid-Victorian atmosphere is well sustained throughout, and the actors are all very distinct personalities. We doubt, however, whether a man, talking to a girl he hardly knows, would turn to her mother and say earnestly, speaking of the girl herself, "Lady Moorlands, Miss King has a noble, chivalrous heart; do not for one moment imagine that I could misconstrue her real, genuine kindness." And this merely because the unfortunate girl was about to dance a *deux temps* with him at his own request.

Weeping Cross. By HENRY LONGAN STUART. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

"*WEeping Cross*" is well above the average, both in style and substance, and the author is to be congratulated on his delineation both of Richard Fitzsimon and Agnes Bartlett. Born in Ireland in 1623, Fitzsimon was sent abroad to study for the priesthood. He tired of this, became a

soldier, and was taken prisoner at Worcester. All this we are told in the prologue. Instead of being transported to Guinea with the other prisoners he was shipped to Boston, where he became the servant, or rather bondman, of Colonel Fleming of Pickosick. His life in this place, the events which led to his marriage with the colonel's daughter Agnes, and the Indian raid in which she was killed, form the subject of the story. Not only is Fitzsimon a coward at heart, but he has not outlived his Jesuit training; thus his fears and his conscience are always at war with his heart, which, from the first, belongs to Agnes. Under a less skilful hand he would be beneath contempt; but he is depicted with a sureness of touch and a sympathy which shows his very weakness in a pitiful light.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LIMITS OF VERSE-LENGTH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The letter from a New Zealand correspondent in your last issue is full of interest, and the news of his forthcoming book on this subject is welcome. One is glad to think that questions somewhat neglected here are carefully studied on the other side of our small globe.

He does me less than justice when he supposes that I confuse between length of printed line and number of metrical beats. The very purpose of my "short article" was to emphasise the distinction between these, to show that they are different and that one often throws no light on the other, and to ask rather than answer the question whether there is any natural limit to the number of beats in a line of verse.

To this question he suggests an answer which is not new to me, and with which I have considerable sympathy so far as it goes, though unable to consider it a final or complete one. Briefly, it is that in our ordinary verse, especially of a lyric or ballad kind, and setting aside "heroic" metre as a thing to be separately dealt with, the natural limit of a verse-line is *eight beats*, that limit being imposed by the average man's need of then drawing breath; that the most convenient form of line is one where syllables correspond to the first seven beats, the eighth falling on a period of silence utilised for respiration; and that all shorter lines should be regarded as parts of this "rhythmical phrase," which alone constitutes a real entity.

Now, with regard to this, one wants to know first why this "law" applies only to writers of our own or kindred races. Why did the Greeks so markedly favour lines of six beats? Were they shorter-winded than we, or are we to suppose that every line of ancient hexameter or iambic trimeter ended with two silent feet? Are we to suppose this of our own six-beat lines, whether written in imitation of the ancients or from native inspiration? Must the exulting lines of "Abt Vogler" be conceived as ending with two silent feet? Surely not.

An eight-stress dissyllabic-foot line is the "long metre" of our hymn books, two lines being joined to make the "phrase." It is tempting to assume that "common metre" and "short metre" differ from this merely in that some feet are no longer occupied by syllables; but can we prove that? How shall we measure the silent spaces? Proof would be afforded if we found a poet using the three forms interchangeably, without apparent consciousness of alteration. Your correspondent claims that the three forms occur "almost indiscriminately" in ballads; we shall expect his book to give examples. Recent poets seem to keep them separate. Of course in any case the three forms are closely akin, and transition from one to another is easy; the question is merely whether they are identical.

That silent feet do exist in our verse I have no doubt; but they are demonstrable only where a poet, in lines otherwise of the same structure, sometimes leaves a particular foot blank, sometimes fills it up with sound. When he never so fills it, how can we measure its duration? That a pause of some duration is felt after the second (printed) line of "common measure," after the first and second of "short measure," seems indubitable; but that its duration is exactly that of an ordinary foot or "measure" can surely be little more than a guess.

A somewhat remarkable deduction from the eight-stress theory is that our poets enjoy stanzas of so many full phrases and a fraction. The theory applies admirably, for example, to such poems as Browning's "Evelyn Hope," "The Lost Leader," and "The Worst of It;" but when we come to others like "By the Fireside," "Master Hugues," "Gold Hair," "Dis Aliter Visum," "Shop," we find they consist of two phrases and a half. This reminds one of the critics who make heroic metre contain two and a half dipodies. "Boot and Saddle," again, and "The

Statue and the Bust" are one and a half. My own concocted twenty-stress line, on this showing, consists of two and a half phrases; most people make it consist of five four-beat lines. I suspect that the four-beat phrase is to most of us a more real unit than the eight-beat; if the theory were accepted otherwise, some would hold out for making this the norm.

Once more, is no allowance to be made for the difference between dissyllabic and trisyllabic feet? Surely a line containing seven of the latter puts a greater strain on the breath than one containing seven of the former. Yet our poets do not seem to find any difficulty in writing such lines. I myself found it easier to prolong a trisyllabic line than a dissyllabic; the cantering metre carried one along. But when it comes to recitation, is not the case otherwise? Would not any reciter make *two* lines of Scott's four, thus:

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;

Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded?

The rhyme is rather poor. To utter the whole in one breath, making one rhythmical phrase of it, would hardly be natural.

While, therefore, admitting that there is verisimilitude in this theory, I cannot regard it as proved. I do not see how it applies to Greek verse, to Oriental verse, to lyrics of unusual form in our own verse. Many of these last, I fear, will be pronounced "not entirely satisfactory," technically considered, like Shelley's "Skylark," because they clash with preconceived ideas. Such *ex cathedra* judgments are dangerous. Undoubtedly, "verse is a living growth," and "subject to the laws that govern the development of living things;" the question is whether we interpret these laws rightly. For the present, at least, I am content to believe that "habit and training" have a good deal to do with the matter, and that conditions are more elastic than this theory assumes. But the question is at least arguable, and your correspondent's presentation of his case deserves our gratitude—which, in this case, is synonymous with "expectation of favours to come."

One word more on a general point. Toward the end of p. 284 he quotes several lines, of which he asserts that "their structure is identical." If by structure he meant only number of beats, the assertion is intelligible; but surely that is far too narrow a use of the word. The difference between two such lines as

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,

and

Warriors and chiefs, should the shaft or the sword,
is surely as real as the resemblance. Both are four-beat lines; but is that the whole story? This habit of speaking as if beats or stresses were the only thing that matters in prosody seems to me unfortunate and misleading. It is very common at the present day—hence this protest.

I trust that your correspondent also carefully distinguishes between accented syllables and metrical beats.

T. S. O.

THE CATHOLIC PROCESSION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It would have seemed incredible up to a week ago that in this age of religious toleration a Prime Minister of England could, at the last moment, have directed that a religious celebration of our Roman Catholic brethren should not be held in London, although it had apparently been duly authorised by his colleagues in the Cabinet, and tens of thousands of his Majesty's subjects had made arrangements to be present. All the praises bestowed by the Pope and Cardinals on English courtesy and freedom were stultified and rendered of no effect by this wibbley-wobbley acquiescence to the noisy outcry of a few fanatical associations and booksellers who wished to trumpet their actions and their wares. These people appear to have a poor opinion of the hold that the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church has on the people of England if they imagine that a procession through a mile of the back streets of Westminster would endanger its being supplanted by the Roman Communion.

None of the objectors appear to live on the line of the route, as no protest was received from any of the householders or flat-dwellers, whose residences were passed by the procession, and therefore the matter had nothing to do with them.

The almost universal practice in this country at the present time is to show full regard for the feelings of others and to allow every one to follow the dictates of his own conscience. In Calcutta the Mohammedans are allowed to carry their Taboots through the principal thoroughfares, the Hindoos their Garpantees and other gods, and the Roman Catholics have their processions of the Blessed Sacrament. Surely in the chief city of the world similar liberty of conscience and of action should be permitted to all. The playing of wind instruments by the Salvation Army on Sundays is as much against the unrepented law of the land as is the procession of last Sunday as originally

projected. Do let us, therefore, be consistent, and if one body of Christians are allowed to break the letter of the law, similar licence should be allowed to others.

The Protestant objectors do not appear anxious to be regarded as Christians, having shown such an absence of love, peace, forbearance, and similar Christian virtues. Riots and disorders were suggested in their speeches denouncing the proposed procession, and the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance now states that had the Host been carried arrangements had been made in dozens of instances with a view to bloodshed. How far more Christian was the utterance of Archbishop Bourne at the Albert Hall last Saturday, when in announcing the change of Sunday's procedure he said, "I ask our people to refrain from any action that might be wanting in dignity or self-restraint," and this request was most loyally honoured by the 40,000 disappointed Catholics, who even refrained from objecting to the meeting of 500 Protestants who met the same evening at the Caxton Hall and rejoiced over the discomfiture of their more law-abiding fellow-citizens.

As we "shall know them by their works," the Roman Catholics live more up to our Divine Master's precepts than the Protestants, and public opinion has gone out to the former, whilst the uncharitable action of the latter is almost universally condemned.

In conclusion, I sincerely hope that no one will confound the Church of England as by law established with those agitators whose protest against matters of which they merely do not approve takes the form of suggestion and incitement to riot and disorder.

THOS. E. SEDGWICK.

September 17, 1908.

"THE YOKE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As one of the "maidens" for whose sake—partly at any rate—you are taking serious steps to stop the sale of "The Yoke" I offer you my real thanks.

I have not read it, but I have heard it discussed. I know the reputation the author has for dealing with unpleasant topics, and I have seen the book prominently (or otherwise) exhibited for sale—and cheaply.

In a moment of weakness I might have succumbed to the temptation of the gaily-coloured outside. My story may be that of many other girls who wish to keep as long as possible a mind "unspotted." I regret most deeply ever having read—through inadvertence, it is true—one of the shilling series referred to, "The Confessions of a Princess."

Mr. John Long is a real source of danger to girl readers. After reading the above book I determined to write him, but a girl dislikes discussing such things.

September 19, 1908.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a member of the reading public may I congratulate you upon your courageous position with regard to "The Yoke"? Such works, sheltering under the name of realism, wittingly distort the truth about human relationships to serve their authors' ends, who, like a quack-medicine vendor, advertises his pernicious concoction under the name of a wholesome drug. As a lover of realism in fiction I believe that truth about the facts of life can never have anything but a wholesome effect in the long run, and the proof of this lies in the fact that the most professed "non-moral" of the great masters of prose, Flaubert and the De Goncourts to wit, produced works which in their teaching proved to be as moral as the Decalogue, or, indeed, as life itself. Truth can be trusted to point its own moral without the necessity of moralising on the part of the author. But it is these lying half-truths and perversions of the truth which do such infinite mischief, works which, professing to draw a picture of human nature, magnify its physical aspect and ignore its infinite aspirations, its sense of responsibility, its self-respect, and all those other human qualities which go to regulate and ennoble those instincts which spring from an animal basis. As for the public who patronise these pseudo-realistic novels their name is legion, but they are obtuse rather than perverse in their understanding; they enjoy the sensation of being *épâtés*, and fail to realise the gulf which divides the unspeakable from the merely foolish. Could they but be brought to see that in buying and circulating such works they are tacitly supporting views which if brought into effect must totally destroy all purity of intercourse between the sexes and undermine the very basis upon which family life and the welfare of the State rests, I believe they would burn with the same indignation that you do, and, by translating the horror from fiction into every-day fact, at least realise the underlying vileness of a book with which they have whiled an idle hour away. But if the

excuse for the reading public is that they do *not* understand, the same does not hold good in the case of the author of this and similar works. His is the shame of having prostituted undeniable gifts to the basest of motives, and in doing so he has sinned against himself, against humanity, against truth, and, most of all, against love itself.

HILDEGARD GORDON-BROWN.

THE POET'S MEANING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am grateful to your reviewer for having attempted to rouse my nodding ideas; but I don't think he has proved that my interpretation of Mr. St. John Adcock's lines is incorrect. However, the question of subtle meanings in lines of a sonnet, though interesting, is apt to become prosy; so I will not try to disturb your reviewer's equanimity any longer. Perhaps we might remark in unison:

Vex not the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.

Of course I can recognise, I hope, the inner meaning of *rapture* as opposed to *statelyness*; but, with due deference to your reviewer, *rapture* is not always a spiritual condition, as there can be physical rapture. Other meanings are moving energy, used by Milton in connection with torrent, and mental exaltation, as in Shelley's lovely lines:

I have ne'er heard
Praise of love or word
That panted forth a flood of *rapture* so divine.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

AMERICA AND GENIUS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of August 1st is a letter signed "G. E. B." to which I wish to take exception. In regard to the Olympian Games, I do not doubt that there were faults on both sides, and cannot enter into the controversy. But "G. E. B." ends his letter with the statement that America has never produced one man or woman of supreme excellence in Art, Literature, Music, Science, or Religion.

Let me give you a few names, and remember that I am an Englishman by birth. In Art, America has given to the world Benjamin West, a President of our Royal Academy, and at the present time we have Sargent, Abbey, and others, while the immortal Whistler is dead.

In Literature, Longfellow, Whittier, Cooper, Bancroft, Prescott, and a host of others.

In Science, Morse, who gave the telegraph to the world; Bell, who gave the telephone; Fulton, who gave the steamboat; and others.

In Religion, Jonathan Edwards, Beecher, and the great leaders Moody and Sankey.

I could continue indefinitely, but this will show "G. E. B.'s" injustice.

A FORMER LIVERPUDIEN.

Philadelphia, September 14, 1908.

[None of the names mentioned by "A Former Liverpudlian" have any claim to rank among those of supreme excellence in Art, Literature, Music, Science, or Religion. Many of them do not even belong to the fifth rank (Moody and Sankey we should place somewhere about the 405th). We could easily improve on our correspondent's list, which, as it stands, can only be said to include one name that has ever even had any pretensions to rank among the supreme. That name is Whistler's, which some years ago his more fervent admirers would have so classed. Whistler has, however, since his death taken his proper place in the third or fourth rank of painters. Our correspondent is kind enough to say that he does not doubt "that there were faults on both sides" in the Olympian Games. Our correspondent's information on this subject does not appear to be any better than his information on the subjects of Art, Literature, Music, etc.—Ed.]

THE LAW OF DISTRESS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I venture to ask permission to call the attention of your readers to a Bill for the amendment of the law of distress for rent which has passed through the House of Commons, and the final stages of which will be taken in the House of Lords during the autumn sitting. This Bill—which appears to have attracted far less attention than its importance deserves—would not only injure landlords, but would, we believe, react most unfavourably on the position of tenants generally. As is well known, the goods of

lodgers were protected from distress by a superior landlord for the arrears of rent owing by his immediate tenant, in the year 1871, and it is proposed now to extend this protection to the goods of "any under-tenant, lodger, or other person not being the immediate tenant of such superior landlord." These words are so vague as to be dangerous, and if they are adopted for legislative purposes they will necessarily result in litigation before their legal meaning can be settled.

The proposed alteration of the law would also seriously affect the position of landlords, and it should not be made without the most careful consideration. It is true that provisions are contained in the Bill for enabling the superior landlord to recover from an under-tenant the amount of rent due by him to the immediate tenant, and this may appear on the face of it to protect the superior landlord. This, however, in many cases would not be the fact, since the goods may not belong to an under-tenant, and when they do the rent obtained by the immediate tenant is often less than the amount payable to the superior landlord. We are informed that there are cases where a tenant, being in want of ready cash, sub-lets his premises or a portion of them at a low rent in consideration of a premium. This premium, of course, the superior landlord has no means of getting at, and, short of re-entering the premises for breach of a covenant (if such there be) against sub-letting, he can only recover from the under-tenant what may be a merely nominal payment. Another possible case is where a man takes a shop at, say, £500 a year, in an important thoroughfare, and finding after a few months, as many shopkeepers unfortunately do, that he cannot pay his way, he sub-lets the shop at, say, £200, and takes himself off. It may be that if these arrangements were entered into by collusion with a deliberate intention of defeating the claim of the superior landlord, it would be possible to prosecute the parties; but the intention would always be difficult to prove, and in many cases would have no existence. It should be noted that the Bill applies to agricultural as well as urban tenancies, and it will therefore effect a far wider alteration in the law than might at first sight appear.

While the possible injustice to the landlord should not be overlooked, the attention of the public should be more especially directed to the effect likely to be produced with respect to the far more numerous class of tenants. Landlords will naturally seek for some means of protecting themselves against the new liability imposed by the Bill, and they would be likely to require tenants to provide a substantial guarantor or guarantors. It is easy to see the very serious difficulty in which tenants (especially the poorer ones) would be placed by such a requirement, and it is fairly safe to say that in the long run tenants as a class would lose far more than landlords.

FREDERICK MILLAR, Secretary.

Liberty and Property Defence League, 25 Victoria Street, Westminster, September 22, 1908.

BOOKS RECEIVED

POETRY

- Carrick, Hartley. *The Muse in Motley*. Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes, 3s. 6d. net.
England, Paul. *The Desert, and other Poems*. Francis Griffiths, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

- Jackson, Myrtle B. S. *The Merry-Thought Plays*. Skeffington, 2s. net.

BIOGRAPHY

- Newman, Ernest. *Richard Strauss*. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Shakespeare, William. *The Tempest*. With illustrations in colour by Paul Woodroffe and Songs by Joseph Moorat. Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
Stevenson, R. L. *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Chatto and Windus, 5s. net.
Busteed, H. E. *Echoes from Old Calcutta*. Thacker, 8s. 6d. net.
A General View of Positivism. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte by J. H. Bridges. A New Edition, with an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. Routledge, 1s. net.

JUVENILE

- Sherwood, Mrs. *The Fairchild Family*. Retold by Jeanie Lang. Jack.
Edgeworth, Maria. *The Birthday Present*. Retold by Olive Allen. Jack.
The Story of H.M.S. "Pinafore". Told by Sir W. S. Gilbert and Illustrated by Alice B. Woodward. Bell, 5s. net.

Young England. The Pilgrim Press, 5s.

- Everett-Green, Evelyn. *Hilary Quest*. The Pilgrim Press, 5s.
Mactier, Susie. *The Hills of Hauraki*. Sunday School Union, 2s.
The Child's Own Magazine. Sunday School Union, 1s.
Everett-Green, Evelyn. *Step-Sister Stella*. The Pilgrim Press, 3s. 6d.
Dawson, Canon. *Heroines of Missionary Adventure*. Seeley, 5s. net.
Elliot, G. F. Scott. *The Romance of Early British Life*. Seeley, 5s. net.
Stead, Richard. *Adventures on the High Seas*. Seeley, 5s. net.
Dolmage, Cecil G. *Astronomy of To-day*. Seeley, 5s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- Potter, W. J. *Concurrent, Practical, and Theoretical Geometry*. Part I. Ralph Holland, 1s. 6d. net.
Askwith, The Rev. E. H. *The Analytical Geometry of the Conic Sections*. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- Duff-Fyfe, Ethel. *The Nine Points*. Long, 6s.
Appleton, G. W. *The Down Express*. Long, 6s.
Wrench, Mrs. Stanley. *Love's Fool*. Long, 6s.
Gallon, Tom. *The Lackey and the Lady*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
Ward, Mrs. Humphry. *Diana Mallory*. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Warden, Florence. *The Socialism of Lady Jim*. Digby Long, 6s.
Paterson, Margaret. *Reality*. Blackwood, 6s.
Blackwood, Algernon. *John Silence*. Nash, 6s.
Bazin, René. *By Faith Alone*. Nash, 6s.
Carey, Rosa N. *The Sunny Side of the Hill*. Macmillan, 6s.
Grimm, Anthony. *A Bachelor's Love-Story*. Greening, 6s.
Speight, E. E. *The Galleon of Torbay*. Chatto and Windus, 6s.
James, Arthur. *Where the Apple Reddens*. Griffiths, 6s.
Angus, Orme. *The Prime Minister*. Ward Lock, 6s.
Douglas, Theo. *The White Witch*. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. *The Governors*. Ward Lock, 6s.
Silberrad, U. S. *Desire*. Constable, 6s.
Burnham, Clara Louise. *The Leaven of Love*. Constable, 6s.
Brun, Irene. *Generous Gods*. The Moorlands Press, 6s.
Pugh, Edwin. *The Broken Honeymoon*. Milne, 6s.
"Rita." *Betty Brent*. Werner Laurie, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Parker, Edward Harper. *Ancient China Simplified*. Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
Adam, H. L. *Oriental Crime*. Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d. net.
Bumpus, T. Francis. *The Cathedrals of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark*. Werner Laurie, 16s. net.
Hochman, Joseph. *Jerusalem Temple Festivities*. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.
The Hundred Best Hymns in the English Language. Selected and Arranged by the Rev. John Cullen. Routledge, 1s. net.
Gribble, Francis. *Rousseau and the Women he Loved*. Nash, 15s. net.
Craig, R. S. *The Making of Carlyle*. Nash, 10s. 6d. net.
The Reason Why in Science. Edited by J. Scott. Sisley, 1s.
Cunningham, Peter. *The Story of Nell Gwynn*. Sisley, 1s.
Pigou, A. C. *The Problem of Theism*. Macmillan, 3s. net.
The Problem of Logic. By W. R. Boyce Gibson, with the co-operation of Augusta Klein. Black, 12s. 6d. net.
Wilson, Rathmell. *The Book of the Sirens*. Greening, 2s. 6d. net.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles. *The Age of Shakespeare*. Chatto and Windus, 6s. net.
Dwall, Edith Hickman. *A Believer's Rest*. The Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d. net.
De Gasparin, Madame. *The Heavenly Horizons*. The Pilgrim Press, 2s. net.
Select Epigrams of Martial. Edited by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake. The Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.
Chesterton, G. K. *Orthodoxy*. Lane, 5s. net.
Bridge, T. E. *A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*. Fisher Unwin, 21s. net.
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